Rajah. 18

PROMENADE

FROM DIEPPE TO THE

MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND.

BY CHARLES NODIER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

DINBURGH;
DON.

RC-E03754
Sarasvati Mahal Library. Thanjavur

PREFACE.

If the reader expects to find a book of travels in this work, I beg he will throw it aside: It is nothing but the pocket-book of a man who passed rapidly through a country quite new to him, and who writes his sentiments rather than his observations.

There is no country more deserving of the attention of a traveller than the mountains of the west and

north of Scotland. They have inspired, however, so little curiosity in French travellers, that Chantreau disdained to make any progress through them, and the learned Faujas de Saint-Fond, who thought only of geology, sought and saw nothing in them but stones. Knox, whose studies, entirely relative to political economy, were confined to the fisheries, speaks of nothing but fishes. Gilpin is a landscape painter more than a traveller. Abstracting from the prejudices of a morose old man, whose imagination had long lost all its colouring, there are many useful and interesting things in Johnson's Tour, as in all his works. Pennant alone has raised a monument perfect in all its parts; but I suspect these two last authors have not had the

honour of a complete translation into French.

There is still room, therefore, for an excellent book on Scotland, unless it has appeared without my knowledge; but, independently of the qualities necessary for making an excellent book, one must have seen again and again the country one proposes to describe before one can flatter oneself with being able to give a just idea of it to others. This little volume only promises what it can give—the hasty sketch of a rapid promenade. May it even give what it promises!

However, as my journal is become a sort of work, and is now surrendered to the opinion of the public, for which it was not composed, I must shelter myself from

the risk of a reproach—which would give me more pain than any critical attacks—that of ingratitude towards individuals from whom we received signal marks of politeness and benevolence, all of whom I should delight to mention, if the multiplicity of attentions and services did not render the task too difficult. I shall only name among our own countrymen, Count Caraman, French Chargé d'Affaires in London; Mr. Hugot, Consul in Edinburgh; Mr. Herman, Commercial Agent at Glasgow; and on the other hand, Lord Fife in London, General Duff in Scotland, and our invaluable friend, Mr. Hulmandell, whose solicitude for our wants and pleasures surpasses all expression. I will add, in my own name, to this list, the

name of the celebrated Dr. Hooker, who directed my excursions in the county of Lennox and its environs, and who loaded me, on my departure, with a rich harvest of rare plants for our common friend Bory de Saint-Vincent. The latter, in his turn, helped me to unravel many notions that were almost effaced from my memory, by displaying that facility of observation, and that clearness of analysis, which give him such a distinguished rank among our very first naturalists.

It would remain for me to give my best thanks to my travelling companions, for the great assistance they have given me, in rendering this trifling performance at all worthy of the public, if I could express all that I owe to them without offend-

ing their modesty. Fortunately, I am well enough acquainted with their sentiments, to know that they will be more obliged to me for a simple expression of friendship than for the most pompous eulogiums.

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PROMENADE

FROM

DIEPPE

TO THE

MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

TO MY WIFE.

I CANNOT accustom myself to the idea of being separated from you, of living and thinking without you. Each new object that presents itself to my view, seems a theft from you; and when I think that every thing I am going to see will be new to me, that there will be no longer a common sensation between the multiplied sensations of my days and those which fill your recollections, I look upon this jour-

ney with a sort of terror, as the essay of eternal separation. For twelve years past, associated with all the vicissitudes of my life, you have followed me in the rigorous pilgrimages of exile, and in the more agreeable excursions which I have undertaken from my love of science and of the arts. You have visited with me the smiling regions of the south of France; the austere monuments of Normandy and Brittany; the majestic antiquities of Italy; the ruins of Magna Græcia, the useless patrimony of barbarians. I told you the names of all the places which recalled grand ideas, or attested ancient glories. I taught our dear little girl to lisp their solemn names in a language different from that of her nurse, and which struck her ear for the first time. Now, I am alone: for though friendship is a sweet auxiliary of happiness, it still leaves very empty a heart that is separated from what is most dear to it in the world. I am alone; and the im-

pressions which had so many charms when you partook them with me, now find me inattentive, and almost indifferent. The names of places and of men only interest me for a moment, like unknown words the meaning of which is not worth seeking. Though I arrived yesterday rather early at Dieppe, it was only this morning that I went on the sea-shore, and I scarcely cast my eyes over the magnificent scene which it here displays. My daughter has never looked for shells on this shore. If we thought of all this before we set out, we should never go; but what man is always happy with the happiness he has?

However, I have hit upon a scheme which delights my imagination: it is to speak to you every moment as if you were present, and neither to see nor to feel any thing without transmitting it to you immediately in idea. "See, Mary, how nice it would be for you to play with your little companions under those green arbours

of Pavilly. And you, my dear, cast your eyes on this view of Dieppe, and of the sea, from the top of the hill of Bourdun, which is considered to be one of the finest sights in nature; or amuse yourself with the marvellous narrations of our driver, who, though he is going on full speed, relates with his hoarse accent the last exploits of the privateer Bolidar." In this way you will travel with me even to the distant shores towards which I am impelled by the mania of seeing other countries, and studying other manners. What regions, so varied in their aspect and character, shall we not go over together! Nevertheless, we will not stop to dwell on the details. We go quick, because other cares call us back, and because our hearth is keeping for us treasures of tenderness and happiness that are not here. Alas! may I find them again! Moreover, we have not the pretension to instruct. Our ambition is limited to the enjoyment of

what is beautiful, and the exertion of our understanding to conversing about it. If the journal which I trace as I run can have any merit, it can only be that of representing, with *naïveté*, free and natural impressions. Almost a stranger to the language, the history, and the manners of the countries I am going to visit, I am certain to speak of things less according to the extent of their fame than the force of my own sensations. Only do not reject my poetical scraps. I write very rapidly, and you know that my first thoughts are always ready to accoutre themselves with the tatters of the toilet of the Muses; but what would be a defect in a formal volume is only a slight inconvenience in the familiar impromptus of carelessness. The indifference with which a traveller makes notes in his pocket-book, is the same as for his clothes. He puts down what comes into his head as he takes what is lying about him. After all, who knows what

this pocket-book may turn out? A volume or nothing, I care little about it. It will have fulfilled all the hopes I formed of it, if it succeeds sometimes in cheating the torments of absence by one of those illusions which I embrace so easily that they are sometimes equivalent to enjoyment itself.

Come then, and quit me no more, for it is eight in the evening. The tide is going out, and already leaves, for several fathoms behind, an uneven, waving, sinuous band of black *fuci*, just like the irregular projection of the last waves which expired in floods of foam on the sand. We shall embark in the *Unity* corvette, Captain Holden; it is that which you see from here with the black and blue flag flying.

No, rather let us separate, I beseech you, for this night. The sea is so rough that the fishermen themselves have not dared to attempt the daily navigation which supplies the subsistence of their fa-

milies. The immense surface is furrowed all over with high and vertical mountains, like the rocks of the coast, glittering white like them, rushing, striking, mounting one above the other, breaking and falling with a tremendous roar on the beach. The wind is contrary, and furious. The sea-gull, which it drives along with impetuosity, draws in his long wings, as the skilful sailor does his canvas, and falling obliquely by degrees, comes down quite on the ground. Heaven forbid I should expose you, my darling treasures, to the caprices of this terrible element. In the name of my rest, let us separate for this night. I shall find you on the opposite shores.

CHAPTER II.

PASSAGE FROM DIEPPE TO BRIGHTON.

THIS passage, which is commonly performed in ten hours, lasted thirty-two. It was not yet midnight, when the black cloud called *le grain* showed itself like a point in the south; by degrees it came down, displaying irregular forms, and pouncing upon us like a bird of prey which grows larger as it approaches. It recalled to my mind, in its sudden and gigantic increase, those whimsical figures of optics, the imperfect and often ridiculous exhibitions of the phantasmagoria which rush from the magical lantern of Robertson, acquiring successively colours, appearances,

figures, and at length go out close to the face of the spectator, beating the oiled paper of the frames with their pasteboard wings. Unfortunately for us our demon was more real, and for a long time made us toil upon the waves, which mounted to the shrouds. Every thing fell about in the vessel, the utensils, the chairs and tables, and the sailors. The rolling was so strong that it drove us from our beds. Add to all this, the flapping of the sails, the creaking of the vessel, the maledictions of the French passengers, the methodical and energetic *god-dems* of the sailors, the convulsive groans of the passengers who had got the sea-sickness, the exclamations of the ladies, who were praying with all the fervour which fear can inspire; for there were ladies, and some very pretty indeed, eyes of such soft melancholy, features of such chaste purity, that mixture of the ideal perfection of heaven and of earthly passion which composes the physiognomy

of the heroines of romance. But heroines of romance are quite out of the question in a vessel that is on the point of sinking! All is reduced to that exchange of compassion and of services which engages the strong in the defence of the weak in a common danger; and which, in my opinion, when the danger is inevitable, is the most complete seal of the immortal destination of man. The boasted philosophy of the ancients would go no farther than to admire the impassibility of a brute in a storm.

At sunrise we perceived that the storm had driven us far out of our course. We were obliged to return towards Brighton by tacking, and waiting for the wind, which had completely fallen. In vain did our sailors whistle towards the south-east, the breeze paid no attention to them; and we were reduced to the contemplation of the gloomy stupor of the atmosphere, which seemed to threaten a new storm, that would

have driven us again out to sea, or have dashed us against the charming coast of England, whose graceful contours winded so near us, covered with green meadows and picturesque woods. The sun had just set in very sombre clouds, the moon had risen broad and bloody, the sea was motionless like the basin of the Tuilleries; and it seemed as if stretching out one's arm one would touch Brighton, while one of those events which are not rare in the history of navigation, might prevent our ever reaching it. Such a situation appears to me more terrible than even the anxieties of a storm. The heart of man, I think, more easily conceives the necessity of yielding to the ravages of violence in nature, than to the impossibility of conquering its immoveable inertia. When he suffers by resistance, his vanity is a compensation; but when he yields without a struggle, he loses even the charms of danger, and feels an additional torture in the exhaustion of his fallen

energy. But this is a fine philosophical speculation, to be sure, on the subject of a dead calm in the English Channel! Besides, a favourable breeze is springing up, the ship swims along, the shores fly away, carrying along with them the famous field of the battle of Hastings. We are in the road.

CHAPTER III.

BRIGHTON ROAD.

At four in the morning we had cast anchor in the road, for Brighton has no harbour. The custom-house sends off a boat to the vessels, which receives the passengers and their luggage; but it cannot reach the shore, on account of the shallowness of the water. The passengers are obliged to be carried on the robust shoulders of the sailors, who, for this act of complaisance, ask only the trifle of three shillings a-head. We are in England, where the representative sign of the existence of a French family for two or three days represents nothing.

These first details will no doubt appear trifling, and particularly so, unless the reader will have the kindness to recollect that I am writing my journal, which contains the history of all my impressions. One of the most lively of them all is the aspect of a new country; and after having been absolutely forced to travel from adventure to adventure, through the rest of Europe, I am now for the first time on the soil of England.

The shore of Brighton is celebrated for its sea-bathing, which attracts every year the first company in the kingdom. It deserves this celebrity by the picturesque elegance of its charming views, to which no expression can do justice; especially, when the ray of the rising sun, glittering by degrees on the face of the waters which are slowly illuminated, strike here and there with their light, long zones of the sea, which detach themselves from its obscure extent like silver isles; or else play among

the sails of a little bark, which floats inundated with brightness on a brilliant plane, among innumerable vessels which the light has not yet touched. It is principally on the horizon that the mixture of departing darkness and advancing light is remarkable. All the obscurities descend, all the lights arise. The earth and the firmament seem to have exchanged attributes. In the air, a sombre vapour is precipitated and dissolved; on the earth, a mild reflexion of light spreads, incessantly increasing in transparency and warmth; and the most distant line of the dark ocean rises resplendent on the shades of the sky.

CHAPTER IV.

BRIGHTON.

THE extreme cleanliness of the towns in England is so well known, that, on arriving at Brighton, I was astonished to find myself still forced to be astonished. Imagine to yourself an assemblage of decorations full of grace and lightness, such as the imagination would wish in a magical theatre, and you will have some idea of our first station. Brighton, however, presents no edifice worthy of remark, with the exception of the king's palace, which is constructed in the Oriental style, and probably on the plan of some building in India. There is not much harmony between

this eastern style and the surrounding houses, built like pretty Italian pavilions under a northern sky; but it is the mark of a power which stretches its sceptre over a part of the east, and draws from it the principal elements of its prosperity. This incoherence, notwithstanding, has no bad effect in a picture of illusions. Fairy Land is not subject to the rule of the unities.

I continued my journey along a road without ruts, without jolting, without any embarrassment, in a commodious elegant vehicle, adorned with taste, drawn, or rather carried away by four beautiful horses, all alike, all with the same pace, who devoured the distance, champing bits of the most splendid polish, and starting and snorting under a harness of a rich and noble simplicity. A coachman in livery drove them, and a handsome neat postilion urged them on. Every two leagues, postilions, attentive, civil, neither impertinent

nor in liquor, brought out fresh horses just like the first, which we could see striking the ground at a distance, as if eager and impatient for the career they were to go through. Though the distance to London is not great, no delicate attentions which could embellish it were omitted by the enchanters who led me along. Half-way, an officious major-domo introduced me into a magnificent saloon, in which were served all sorts of refreshments—limpid tea, which sparkled in china; frothy porter, which foamed in silver; and, on another table, choice, copious, varied dishes, watered with Port. After this I set out again, and the eager coursers—but perhaps it is time to take breath, and to say, in more positive terms, that England is the first country in the world for its horses, public carriages, and inns. The magnificent equipage I have just mentioned was the diligence, and the caravansera of the Arabian Nights, a *café*

on the high road. One might easily, in the environs of London, comprehend the mistake of Don Quixote, who took inns for castles.

In fact, from Brighton to London, it is merely a street of twenty leagues, bordered with parks, gardens, smiling farms, pretty country houses, charming pavilions, covered from top to bottom with hangings of roses, and preceded by courts or terraces shaded with cool bowers, under which dance young girls, whom Raphael might regret not to have seen. Youth is charming every where, but in England it is ravishing. A plain girl under sixteen years of age is almost a rarity.

CHAPTER V.

LONDON.

The first aspect of London has something disagreeable. The houses, built of dark or shining bricks like walls of polished lava, almost always without a rising roof, as if they had lost a story, and incessantly bathed with the heavy vapour of the coal-smoke, give one the idea of a recent conflagration. But the eye, soon accustomed to the ordinary style of the architecture, to the disagreeable colour of the houses, and the dismal monotony of the atmosphere and sky, becomes more and more astonished at the multitude of those vast and superb streets, accompanied

on each side with a broad footway, and decorated with shops glittering with all the treasures of industry, and all the wonders of luxury; immense promenades, which bring the country and even solitude into the centre of a town; delicious inclosures of verdure, called squares, which form the ornament of the open spots, and are the delight of their inhabitants. One then feels that London wants nothing to be the first city in the world but the sky of Venice or the horizon of Constantinople, the antiquities of Rome, or the edifices of Paris.

All populous states and great towns have so many points of resemblance in an advanced state of civilization, that it is impossible to fix the shades which characterize them, without descending into the most minute details. This I have neither time, nor inclination, nor power to undertake, estranged as I am to the art of observing facts which do not act immediately upon

me, and do not make me feel a profound sensation of enthusiasm or aversion. The passing guest of a magnificent city, which, however, speaks but little to my imagination and my heart, I feel that even the attraction of novelty, so interesting to mankind in general, would not have drawn me to it, only that London happens to be on the road to the mountains of Scotland. Whether it be irritability or weakness, I have never been capable of directing my attention towards two objects at once, or of being diverted from an object which I had in view by others which separated me from it. Another man would do otherwise, and would do well; but I am too much absorbed in what I am seeking, to be occupied with things which seek me. The existence of the inhabitants of towns, which always weighs upon me rather in a disagreeable way, overwhelms me entirely when I reflect that I have within my reach a state of solitude and liberty. It is the

very most I can do if I can manage to fix some lines of those days destitute of air, sun, and poetry, and from which I am anxious to escape, because here, as elsewhere, there is a tormenting security, and a tiresome variety. What is admired in London is certainly admirable; but, after all, it is only a town, an immense town. It is nothing but London.

CHAPTER VI.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

HERE are subjects on which there is nothing to say, except that all has been said, and that it would be more than a ridiculous pretension to attempt to include in a few lines the substance of a thousand volumes. I shall repeat it no more.

It is generally believed in France, that England is the richest country in Europe in Gothic buildings, and that this is owing to the respect of the nation for the fine arts; a sentiment, it is added, carried so far that the Reformers themselves did not involve, in their fury against the papal worship, the buildings consecrated to it.

An induction is drawn from this not at all to the advantage of France, where nothing has been spared; but this is founded on error. The revolutions of England, at the period in question, were directed against certain ancient institutions, and especially against the Romish Church: but the new religion required temples; and it was evidently its interest to preserve those in existence. This is what saved some of them, and those among the rest which enjoyed a great reputation, and attracted the admiration of foreigners. Notwithstanding, the greatest part of these buildings have been destroyed. Travellers, and among them some artists, have been deceived in this respect by the multitude of churches in the ancient style with which England is covered, and which, though not Gothic by antiquity, are so in their style. In fact, the English architects have had the admirable taste to feel that this mode of construction is, as has been said, eminently

Christian, and that the sanctuary of the holy of holies, could not, without a sort of profanation, resemble the marble house of the idols. Gothic churches are still constructed in England; and I have seen modern pointed arches spring up, carved roses, and storied capitals in stone, just come out of the quarry, as well as it was done six hundred years ago, with the difference only of taste, genius, and imagination, which have not gone on improving, in this respect, in this age of improvement. I am disposed to think that it is to the respectful preservation of this system of architecture, as ancient for them as the first preaching of Christianity, that the English are indebted, in great part, for the preservation even of religious sentiments, that powerful and infallible preserver of society itself.

I saw Westminster Abbey very imperfectly, as it was obstructed by the preparations for the coronation. It would be an

admirable edifice even in France, where, however, it would not hold the first place among our churches of the first order.

We might form an idea of the relative superiority of Gothic over classical architecture, in this special application, that is to say, as far as regards poetical expression, and the harmony of effects, by comparing this old cathedral of Westminster with the celebrated temple of Saint Paul, for I hardly dare give another name to this beautiful Pagan church. Saint Paul's is imposing from its size; but, if I may be allowed the expression, it is a physical and material grandeur, an empty greatness, without solemnity or awe, or dimness or mystery. There is in the smallest Gothic chapel a profundity, an indefinite conception, an infinity, of which nothing gives us the least idea in this majestic but uniform area, inundated with an equal light; while its perfectly symmetrical exactitude leaves nothing to the imagination to fancy, no-

thing that the mind can wish. Ask a man of common information what strikes him in it, he will talk to you of the immensity of the dimensions, of the boldness of the dome, of the purity of the proportions, of the beauty of the lines. But ask a man merely gifted with simplicity and sensibility, what he feels there. . . . This is the question.

The church of Saint Paul is the Pantheon of the illustrious men of the last generation, beginning with Johnson and Reynolds, of whom there are statues. Around them are the monuments of a number of officers, who were killed during the last thirty years, fighting against France. Fruitless is the glory of battles, which plants a palm wherever it sinks a grave! Some of these small monuments, generally interesting from the patriotic motive which erected them, generally of indifferent execution, were formed by the chisel of Bacon and Flaxman. I should not be sorry if those

among our warriors who have left an historical name—and I would not except a single one—could receive among us a similar homage in a consecrated spot. Only it would be necessary for the architect to have a certain space, for a church like Saint Paul's would not be sufficient.

The name of Christopher Wren, who built this famous church, recals to mind the gigantic pillar called the Monument, with its defamatory inscription against the Roman Catholics. It does but little honour to the artist, and less to the conscience of sects, and the good faith of parties; but calumny has long been an engine of government.

Among so many edifices which I did not remark, or only remarked to remember to forget them, I should be reproached if I did not at least name the Tower of London. There are things which one should never know but by their reputa-

tion; for this frequently excites a sensation full of historical recollections, which the mind appropriates by habit to an ideal figure created within itself: while an acquaintance with the real object, which turns out different from what one had supposed, carries off all the ideas it represented; so that one loses a marvellous treasure of illusions and sentiments, in order to acquire a positive knowledge of a material fact, of very little consequence in itself. In seeing the Tower of London, I no longer thought of all that it used to recal to my mind when I met with it in conversation or in a book. The insignificant display of ostentatious curiosities which it contains, and which uselessly overload the attention with a fastidious abundance of words, is prejudicial moreover to that general impression in which one likes to be absorbed in the midst of the grand scenes of nature, the beautiful creations of art,

and the striking monuments of religion and history. The armoury of the Tower of London is of very little importance to the traveller who has seen the arsenal of Venice, or any other great collection of instruments invented for the destruction of man. It is always, more or less, nothing but an armourer's shop, in which all the articles are well arranged. As to the wild beasts, the sight of which is commonly disgusting enough, they have not any more attractions in London than in Paris; and the captivity of these animals of the desert, doubly enslaved in their cages, situated in a state prison, could only excite a dolorous idea, did we not reflect that a prisoner of a lofty mind may perhaps have found in them a motive of philosophical consolation. I can more easily conceive the resignation of a Wallace, a Strafford, or a Sydney, when imprisoned near the den of a lion.

Among all this farrago of curiosities, there is, however, an instrument of rude appearance, the sight of which makes one's hair stand on end: it is the axe which cut off the head of Charles I. The sight of it made me shudder.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DOCKS—GREENWICH.

The Docks are, as their name indicates, immense basins, which receive the commercial vessels of England. Warehouses proportioned to this prodigious concourse of vessels contain the produce of all the countries of the world. Immeasurable granaries and cellars are destined for the preservation of grain and liquids. The multitude, the variety, and the astonishing dimensions of these rich magazines, exhibit a spectacle unrivalled in Europe. In a very industrious and very intelligent nation, the docks are the most extraordinary monument of the industry, and perhaps of

the intelligence of man. They are certainly the most useful. They have this incontestible advantage over columns and pyramids which bear above the clouds the parade of our impotence and vanity. The statue of the founder of docks is not erected at the expense of the sweat, the tears, and the blood of his countrymen. It is a tribute of gratitude levied on the prosperity for which his country is indebted to him.

Descending the current of the Thames, you arrive at Greenwich, a superb edifice, originally intended for a palace, but converted with more taste, and equal magnificence, into an hospital for old sailors. Here the mariner, arrived in port, after the troublesome voyage of life, contemplates with pleasure the windings of the river which so often witnessed the adventurous departure and fortunate return of his sails. He loves to count the ships, so different in their forms, their cargoes,

their flags, their manœuvres, which bring back to his mind the distant expeditions of his youth, and recognises with delight the dress of the stranger whose shores he has visited.

The park at Greenwich is one of the finest in England. The view from it, or as the English say, the admirable *prospect* which is enjoyed from the observatory, is beyond all description and all painting. There is in the park at Greenwich every thing that can flatter the heart and the imagination of a man of feeling, even *the charm of the desert.* I found there a rustic mansion, almost as retired from the world as a *chalet* in the solitudes of Switzerland.

We dined on the bank of the river, our eyes fixed on the enchanting perspective of its borders. The land was entirely adorned with charming habitations, and the water covered with wealthy vessels, the usual tributaries of its commerce. It was im-

possible to doubt that we were present at one of the most brilliant scenes of civilization in its highest degree of perfection. On turning my eyes to a corner of the horizon that had escaped me till then, I perceived a gibbet.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THEATRES.

THE English have no advantage over us in the construction of their theatres; and they cannot enter into comparison with us in the management of decorations and machines. This part of their plays is neglected in a way very destructive of theatrical illusion. The colonnades of the Palace of Cleopatra, and the walls of the Capitol, run on pieces of wood arranged by servants in silk stockings; and, to see trees advancing forwards from the back of a landscape, one would think it was the forest of Dunsinane in the tragedy of Macbeth.

The literary part of their scenic representations is perhaps still more imperfect, with the exception of the masterpieces of Shakespeare, and of a very few poets who have showed themselves worthy of following at a vast distance the steps of that great man. It may even be said, that they have now no dramatic literature at all; whether it be that the systematic form of their government, which has reduced every temper and every passion to given proportions and measures, is no longer suited to the display of this species of talent; or whether the genius of the nation is better satisfied with the easy labour of imitation, now that original genius has exhausted the faculty of creating. The stage in London at present lives in fact on almost literal translations from the French, German, or Italian. I saw performed the same day, in a theatre I shall mention presently, *Adolphe et Clara*, *Le Jaloux malgré lui*, and *La Somnambule*. There are

two or three authors at Paris who will probably congratulate me on having been so fortunate.

It is not for want of good actors that the genius of the English seems so sparing of dramatic novelties. On the contrary, it would be difficult to find elsewhere a more satisfactory and more complete union of talent; and this judgment is applicable to each particular theatre in London. It seems that the success of these establishments is not founded on the peculiar merit of a few individuals, and, as they say in Paris, on an insulated *pearl* or a solitary diamond. All the performers concur in a just proportion to that general harmony which is the principal charm of a well-managed play; and if some *pearls*, some *diamonds* be found amongst them, they do not require the effect of contrast; and there is no reason to suppose that they owe the lively splendour which distinguishes them to this effect, or to the coarseness of the

setting. It is on this account that actors in England are commonly honoured by the esteem of the public, who love to acknowledge in some way or other any attention paid to their wishes.

It would be almost as superfluous to enter into details on the theatres of London, as on those of Paris, in a publication like this, which, most probably, will only be glanced over by persons equally well acquainted with both. There is nothing, besides, which is so like a theatre as a theatre; and the only new sensation which I disagreeably learnt from those that I went to in England, will soon be no more new to the Parisians than to me. I believe, at least, that they are promised that brilliant illumination of gas, which perhaps is well enough appropriated to theatrical effects, but, at the same time, being too much like day-light, and quite hostile to the enchantments of the toilet, fills the atmosphere with a heavy, ardent, deleterious, often fe-

tid vapour, which torments the mind with the fear of danger, and occasions sensations so disagreeable as to be almost insupportable. With this exception, I repeat it, and the necessity of being in full dress, there is very little difference between the first theatre in London and the first in Paris. At the period of our journey a particular circumstance served to increase this illusion. The noble and ingenious pantomime of Albert was then the delight of the whole city, and in the vortex of that excellent dancer flew Mademoiselle Noblet, and Mademoiselle Fanny Bias. *Rome n'était plus dans Rome.*

Nevertheless, as it is my wish in this work to describe my sensations, and I experienced one extremely lively which I would not forget, I shall remind the reader that I promised to speak of a theatre which is neither the Opera, where the voice of Madame Camporesi, and of some other very pleasing singers, will always bring to-

gether the *dillettanti* without my assistance; nor Covent Garden, where the profound and pathetic acting of Macready, and the comic powers of Farren, so natural and so keen, can sufficiently recommend themselves; nor the Surry theatre, the favourite temple of the Melo-drama, where our own superb Melpomene might occasionally be very happy to recruit for performers:—the theatre I mean is the English Opera House; and though I suppose it has nothing to envy in the vogue and reputation of the others, I feel I shall have given too feeble an idea of it, if I did not hasten to name Miss Kelly. It is absolutely necessary to have seen Miss Kelly, in order to comprehend fully the whole extent of an admirable intelligence, seconded by an admirable organization. Miss Kelly is not only an actress of the most perfect tone and of the most exquisite taste, she is the very personage she represents, or rather it is the embodied idea of the character which

the author has attempted to paint. One might take a bet that all the given combinations of the human countenance would never produce a whole so intelligent and so striking as that of the features of Miss Kelly. Nevertheless their purity is not altered by that prodigious mobility of expressions which lends itself to all the shades of thought. She can even give, it is said, at pleasure, the expression of indifference, and this is confirmed by some deplorable anecdotes. One of those unfortunate men, whose despair, indeed, I could comprehend, but not his fury, fired a pistol at Miss Kelly, when on the stage. If this phrenzy were contagious among her admirers, the stage would long since have been deprived of her talents.

Full of the opinion so common among us of the bad reception which the English give to strangers, and to the French in particular; and consequently surprised more and more at the delicate refinements of po-

liteness with which we were constantly overwhelmed, I first began to think that their malevolence, become more timid, or more generalized, had taken refuge in their caricatures—in which unfortunately we ourselves are nothing behind in the disgusting advantage of cynical effrontery—or in anonymous pamphlets and newspapers—the worthy field of base passions—or finally, in theatrical pieces; and I felt quite anxious to verify this supposition, in order to justify to my own eyes the exaggerated hostilities of our Boulevards. I therefore watched with the greatest attention the representation of one of those cutting satires in which a Parisian belle is immolated to the gaiety of the best company in London. Strange to say, I could not discover the joke. Imagine to yourself a sort of ravishingly pretty doll, elegant to a miracle, who, when she is not occupied with her toilet, her parrot, or at most her lover, has nothing in the world to do; who opens a

book, and leaves it there, or whirls round a terrestrial globe for the pleasure of seeing it go round; dances, sings, cries, laughs, yawns, is in despair; has fifty ideas, fifty wishes in a minute, and forgets fifty for one that she will forget in its turn. All this is perhaps less coarse than our exhibitions, but it must be confessed it is very unjust. Good God! who ever saw a Parisian woman like that!

CHAPTER IX.

THE MUSEUMS.

It is no more my intention to give in this place a description of all the museums in London, than it was just now to treat of all its theatres and public buildings. The private *exhibitions* are a sort of speculation, which cupidity would multiply if vanity did not; for one must pay to get into all these *exhibitions*, and even to the national museums; so that talent and genius are become objects of industry and commercial commodities, which enjoy considerable credit even among professed merchants on 'Change. Strange turn of society! the only one perhaps to be expect-

ed from the new direction of men's minds; artisans have given way to machines, artists have fallen into the class of artisans, and all is becoming perfect!

As the Royal Academy of London admits into its annual *exhibition* whatever is presented to it, without any competition, examination, or judgment, one must expect to find many poor productions, and even many below mediocrity; for this is an inconvenience from which countries where greater precautions are taken are not always exempt.

If the English deserve, as I think they do, that reputation for good sense which they enjoy among the nations, if they do not add to their just grounds of national pride, very exaggerated, very false, very absurd pretensions, I have a pleasure in thinking that they do not flatter themselves with the hope of ever having a school of historical sculpture and painting. The reasons which have deprived them of this

advantage are probably very easy to find, for those observers who seek in the statistics of different nations, the incontestible action of institutions on the arts. There is nothing remarkable in the sculpture this year but eight admirable busts by Chantrey. The most striking is that of the bust of Rochester, and above all, that of Sir Walter Scott. In this truly animated marble his physiognomy is reproduced as I read it in his works, full of penetration, smartness, and power; all the greatness necessary to rise to the highest conceptions of man; all the ingenious cunning*, taste, and philosophy, that are requisite for sporting in boundless prodigality, with the resources of genius itself; a mixture of Corneille and Moliere, of Swift and Milton. The Walter Scott of Chantrey has the forehead of Homer, and the mouth of Rabelais. It must be very like.

* *Ingenieuse malice.*

In painting, landscapes and sea-views are the pieces in which the English have the fewest rivals in Europe. This is the same in nature; and every one is fond of the beauties of his own country. Some of their pictures almost surpass every idea that one can form to one's self of perfection in this style of painting; but the palm of the exhibition belongs to a large landscape by Constable, with which the ancient or modern masters have very few masterpieces that could be put in opposition. Near, it is only broad daubings of ill-laid colours, which offend the touch as well as the sight, they are so coarse and uneven. At the distance of a few steps it is a picturesque country, a rustic dwelling, a low river whose little waves foam over the pebbles, a cart crossing a ford: It is water, air, and sky; it is Ruysdael, Wouvermans, or Constable. It is not right, however, to discourage any body, and the French are not easily discouraged.

Though our landscapes are not so fresh as those of the English, because we live in a less humid atmosphere, and are not so exclusively occupied with our marine, and because we live on a continent where we have sometimes travelled over a good deal of ground, still our *exhibitions* prove from time to time that we are capable of producing admirable things even in landscape and sea-views. Our artists should not consider a journey to Rome as the sole complement of their classical studies. Nature is classical too, for all models have been taken from her, and it is advisable to revisit her sometimes. I have often admired, in our provinces, several of those enchanting aspects which the English envy us, which they carry off from us, if I may be allowed the expression, and which we are astonished to recognize in their drawings, because our artists do not travel, or if I may be permitted to say it, because they travel badly. What country, however fa-

voured by nature, would not be proud of the beauty of the poetical banks of the Loire, or of the wild and superb majesty of the Pyrenees? How often have I stopped, struck with admiration, at the foot of that cascade of Mount Jura, which falls from the top of Mount Girard, between hills covered with flowers and shades, or on the borders of that romantic lake, which bathes, without overflowing, the green lawns of Chalins! But I am no painter.

Painting in water colours is admirably treated in England. Turner still preserves the superiority of former years; but others are remarkable beside him, and this is no mean distinction. Among them are some French artists, who maintain very honourably in London the reputation of our school. An Englishman, who found me out by my pronunciation, which is no difficult matter, had the kindness to point them out to me, and accompanied each name with very flattering eulogiums.

This national politeness should be a noble object of emulation among all enlightened nations. Petty quarrels are a thousand times more disgraceful than the animosities of savages.

CHAPTER X.

RICHMOND.

With a little boat, that one might carry under one's arm, a good wind, the tide, a grain of courage, and a great deal of equipoise, you may embark on the Thames, and while your ears are charmed with the conversation of an intelligent and learned friend like Hulmandill, you rapidly cut along the surface of a river without rushes, without mud, without strand, which dies away against verdant banks, beautiful as the highest inventions of the most highly gifted painter. Leaving the royal palace of Kew to the right, you reach Twickenham, where they show the habitation of

Pope, and, casting your eyes on the opposite side, you inhale the umbrageous coolness of Windsor, which inspired the richest of his songs. The Duke of Orleans resided for some time at Twickenham, and we looked with a very lively interest for the house of Colonel Atthalin, whose name is so dear to glory and the arts, and to whom we personally owe so much gratitude. It is unfortunately true, that in the most natural and most open sentiments of our poor species there is always a little egotism.

The terrace of Richmond has been compared to that of Saint-Germain. The latter, however, can bear no comparison with respect to its extent and its striking majesty, which render it a sort of monument, nor even as to the immensity of its prospect and the variety of its aspects. Richmond terrace is a short, narrow, irregular walk, on the side of a hill, at the foot of which spreads out a rich and ad-

mirable valley, covered with magnificent woods, intersected here and there with delicious lawns, or separated occasionally, so as to allow the eye to follow the romantic course of the Thames. The great advantage of this prospect, probably unrivalled in the world, consists in the multitude of those superb trees, which were formerly the pride also of our fields, but whose solemn antiquity has not been respected, and whose absence leaves exposed to our view a white, calcareous soil, colourless, without effect, without vegetation, disagreeable to the eye and to the imagination. The English take delight in keeping up, merely for the ornament of their pleasure-grounds, vast plantations of large trees unconnected together, but which, from their exuberant growth, incessantly pour into the balmy atmosphere an abundant and salutary freshness. We even saw some of these trees half decayed with age, but carefully restored by art; so lively

and profound is the religious solicitude which they inspire. While the respect of this nation for domestic animals saves them the sight of those disgusting and cruel scenes, which too often dishonour our towns, their respect even for plants contributes more than any thing else to the ornament and prosperity of their territory. Tender and affectionate sentiments form not only the happiness of the individual: they have an influence on the welfare of nations as well as on that of families.

CHAPTER XI.

OXFORD.

If I were making a *Traveller's Guide through England*, I should find it very difficult to get through with this chapter. I believe no man in the world attaches less value than me to the tickets on things. I look for impressions, not for names. I often hear celebrated buildings mentioned which I know I have seen, but about which I never inquired any thing from my *Cicerone*, though I was struck with admiration at the sight of them. This mode of enjoying the beauties of art may perhaps appear rather wild; but I would not exchange it for any other, because it is in-

dependent, and because liberty is to me the greatest attraction in all pleasures. We are dandled from our childhood with the reputation of so many marvels consecrated by the suffrage of centuries, that there is besides a keen delight in the possibility of a new sensation: and every sensation has that charm for a man who only feels them indefinitely, and does not wait for his extasies till he has been told that a painting is by Apelles, or a statue by Polydore. With the *Guide of Oxford* in my hand, I could cover twelve pages with the names of artists, men of learning, and public buildings, with which I was entertained during my stay at Oxford, and thus, without impoverishing myself, expend all the erudition of a catalogue, and the rich observations of a table of contents; but I consult only my memory, and that recals only what struck me. Another may see differently, and see better, and without any difficulty.

The first view of Oxford is very striking: it is a town entirely gothic, but kept up with uninterrupted care ever since the remote period which historians assign as the first epoch of its illustration. The lofty spires of its numerous churches, and their walls crowned with battlements, sparkle among masses of trees of the finest verdure. The magnificent preservation of these edifices, the unity of style in almost all these buildings, the vast harmony of which hardly suffers at all from any other objects of comparison, the name of Alfred, which still hovers over this city, the favourite object of his royal munificence, every thing transports the imagination into the midst of the recollections of another age. One would suppose that these walls had arisen only a few years ago, at the voice of another Amphion, and that in their inclosure alone the progress of ages had been arrested. If, absorbed in this illusion, you cast your eyes down a long street, or

under the colonnades of the colleges, and see young men walking about dressed in flowing gowns, with antique caps, some ostentatiously displaying their elegant draperies, and flying in pursuit of pleasure like the companions of Alcibiades, others immoveable, silent, thoughtful, absorbed in laborious meditation like the disciples of Pythagoras, the illusion becomes complete, and one feels astonished to be alone in a modern dress in the midst of a people of ancient times. In fine, it is not difficult to find at Oxford a Latin guide, and Latin conversation, very rare elsewhere in England; but this city of the sciences is, in fact, only a vast university. It contains, if I am not mistaken, sixteen colleges, frequented by more than two thousand young men of the three kingdoms.

Wolsey college, founded by the cardinal of that name, is remarkable for its beautiful chapel, where may be seen numerous examples of that intermediate ar-

chitecture which the English call Saxon, which we might call Roman, and which preceded by many centuries the introduction of the pointed arch. These monuments, of which England is justly proud, are very rare in the provinces; and in this respect, as in several others, it would have something to envy in us, if we took any interest in such antiquities. At this very time, a bit of wall, of little importance, is drawn, is painted, is engraved, is modelled, in England. In France, temples and palaces are demolished. O charming churches of Lery, of Burlay, of Saint Hippolyte de Biard, masterpieces of imagination and taste, which I saw, with so much sorrow, abandoned to the ravages of time, previous to those of the *bande noire*, is it to be wanting to the duties of patriotism, to regret that the touch of a magic wand could not transport you to England! You would subsist at least to charm the sight of the French traveller, and to recal to his

mind, in his distant excursions, the graces and ornaments of his native land!

The library of Wolsey college, though very fine, is much inferior to the Bodleian. The gallery of paintings contains numerous and superb works of Titian, Dominichino, C. Maratti, the Carracci, and a precious painted sketch of the *Descent from the Cross*, by Daniel de Voltero. The refectory is adorned with a very suitable decoration; it is a series of portraits of the celebrated men whom the college has produced. Some of them are admirably painted by Reynolds, and the best of his rivals: but the general sentiment which results from the aspect of this congress of sages and learned men, has no need of the enchantment of the pencil. What an idea of the future career of life, what a noble emulation, what a just ambition of glory must be awakened in the heart of the student, who beholds this august senate of the patriarchs of science presiding over the

lowest actions of his life! The naturalist salutes, on entering, the venerable features of Dillenius; and the jurist, who has passed the night in meditating on the laws, casts a look of admiration on the portrait of Blackstone, not without a secret hope of being one day the rival of his elevated fame. These young collegians get accustomed to live among their models as if nature had preserved them alive for them, and should they afterwards add some new acquisitions to the immense domain bequeathed to their care, they do not forget the protecting hand which supplied them with a thread in the labyrinth, and with a light in the dark. We carry on education differently in France, and I feel sorry to say so. Persuaded that science began yesterday, and that all the sources of glory were only opened to-day, because our ignorant and presumptuous theories all rest on that ridiculous principle; our students, in fact, learn only one thing in our public

schools, which is, that they know more than their masters; and, looking at the way in which they are taught, I am not far removed from this opinion.

The college chapel is one of the prettiest monuments of Gothic architecture. The modern painted glass windows are of the utmost beauty; and those which rise above the façade, interposed between the nave and the setting sun, produce a magical effect. They represent the adoration of the Shepherds, and below, nine figures of Christian virtues, designed with a correctness and grace which the lovers of antiquity will not perhaps prefer to the ancient *naïveté*, but in which some defect of harmony and originality is amply compensated by the perfection of the work. In the court of the same building is a Gothic cloister, the most elegant and best preserved of any we have seen in Europe.

The Radcliffe library and museum, are immense circular buildings, of modern

taste, or renewed from the Greeks, which appears foreign to the ancient town, and from the summit of which its admirable panorama lies before you, might offer the subject of a new master-piece to the pencil of Prevost. We remarked here some antiques extremely precious, and a very good library of natural history, particularly rich in French works.

What could I say of that fine Bodleian library, which I mentioned just now, that has escaped the investigation of the compilers of itineraries, and the editors of almanacks! The gallery of paintings appeared to us less rich and less important than that of Wolsey College, though it contains an interesting series of portraits of the most celebrated English classics; but these paintings have little merit, if they are as little like as they are indifferent in execution. Nevertheless, one ought to see a *School of Athens*, executed, it is said, by Julio Romano, from the cartoons of Ra-

phael, an excellent Erasmus by Holbein, and an enchanting portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. In the court of this vast building, a façade is pointed out to strangers, erected at the revival of arts, in which the five orders of architecture are united, in five stories, in a way more striking from its singularity than satisfactory to taste. It is a specimen of an extraordinary kind, and nothing more. I forget, of course, many other things, and perhaps those which I had the most firmly resolved not to forget. They may be found every where.

I have mentioned that the students at Oxford have a particular dress, which is very remarkable. It is not absolutely uniform. The different classes of society to which these young men belong, are indicated by as many modifications in their dress. The nobleman is distinguished from the gentleman, and he from the commoner, whose lot would not appear very desirable to me, had he not also the advantage

of reckoning several inferior degrees below his rank of commoner. This part of the institution may be considered in different respects, and very specious things may be said on both sides of the question; as all is true in politics, according to the ages of civilization, and the character of nations, the thesis of classification itself is as good to maintain as any other; and a practical philosopher, who, in his system sees no harm in the abjectness of Epictetus or of the Paria, and cannot conceive that their conventional degradation can influence the dignity of an elevated spirit, would not probably attach much importance to this puerile discussion; but I confess that the inequality of conditions so indispensably imposed on social man, so painfully humiliating to the natural man, appears to me no where so misplaced as in the career of the sciences, and among students of independent fortune who come, with equal rights, to draw instruction from the same source.

It would seem that there, at least, the baseless fiction of equality would have taken refuge, if the spirit of domination and the insatiable vanity of the higher classes of society could tolerate it any where.

These details, however, will prevent nobody in France from considering Great Britain as *the classical land of liberty and equality*, as long as this political nonsense keeps in fashion, along with a thousand other absurdities. I am convinced, however, that if there be any other country where the national liberties are more closely and more severely circumscribed, where the shades of rank are marked in a more mortifying manner for the inferior classes, it must be sought beyond all the limits of European civilization. Nothing so much resembles the rude essays of society as its last improvements.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM LONDON TO EDINBURGH.

York is a pretty town, agreeably situated in the midst of a romantic country. Its cathedral passes, with good reason, for one of the finest monuments of the intermediate architecture. Nothing can be more majestic as a whole, nor more striking than its proportions—which, in extent, assign it the second or third place among the great churches of Europe—nor more elegant than its long lanciform * windows, fifty-seven feet high by five in breadth, nor, finally, more noble and more rich than its magnificent Gothic screen, the forepart of which is adorned with a series of statues

* *Ses longues fenêtres en lancette.*

of the Kings of England, beginning with William the Conqueror, and ending with Elizabeth. The guide who shows these wonders to strangers, never fails to inform them, on their departure, that they will see nothing like it in the world; and this patriotic hyperbole does not produce the ordinary effect of hyperboles—it does not shock you.

Durham, the capital of the county of that name, is considered to be one of the poorest towns in England. Here, for the first time, we find beggars, after a journey of 150 leagues; they are pretty children, who sing, to one of these national airs so sadly monotonous, wishes of prosperity to travellers. A man alive to the beauties of nature and art, is very fortunate if their impression on him is not alternately a painful feeling in this town, which otherwise is picturesque and delightful. The eye is struck from a distance with the aspect of its vast and superb cathedral,

from which descends and unfolds along the horizon a broad semicircle of white houses, surmounted with roofs of a glaring red; but our admiration increases at the bold pass of Framlingate bridge, thrown from one hill to the other, over a glen at the bottom of which runs the river between ravishing shades. It was through the dark walls of the ruinous castle of Durham that, according to most of the Scotch chronicles, Wallace forced his way in the dress of a bard or troubadour, to confer with Robert Bruce.

The last town of the county of Durham is only separated by a bridge from the first town of Northumberland, which is Newcastle, famous for its castle, its gothic church, the original style of which is peculiar to this building, and above all for its commerce. You reach the summit of the steep hill on which the principal quarter of the town is built, by the longest, straightest, and at the same time the steepest and most

perilous street I ever saw in my life. The horses, accustomed to this surprising effort, get through it with a very good grace. We now leave behind us the coal-pits, and the blazing forges, and the smoky huts of the coal-heavers, and the famous market of Morpeth, and stop at Alnwick, before the marvellous façade of the castle of the Dukes of Northumberland, which, as a whole, is one of the most singular that can be conceived. Its vast extent is crowned with battlements, each of which bears the statue of a knight armed for battle, in the varied attitudes of combat. This precious monument of antiquity has been often repaired, but with such exact fidelity, that it has lost nothing of its primitive physiognomy *. Lower down, a bridge,

* The last reparations were made, I believe, about sixty years since, for they were recent in the time of Dutens, about 1770. He says in his ITINERARY, which has often been reprinted, without becoming more common, that he never saw any thing so magnificent as Alnwick castle. I am quite of this opinion.

which is also of the middle ages, and equally well preserved, crosses a pretty river, which waters delicious meadows. Not far from this was killed the valiant Douglas, by one of the two young Percys, both of whom were taken prisoners in the same battle. At a little distance, a cross, elevated on the right above the ascent, marks the last field of battle, and the bed of death of a warrior-king. It is the spot where Malcolm fell. Finally, you pass another river, you traverse a little town remarkable for its red houses, and its towering steeple; you are at Berwick, and on the territory of Scotland. The landscape, without ceasing to be rich, becomes more austere and more varied; the ridges of the mountains appear sharper on the horizon, their profiles are more rude, more whimsical; terrible ravines cut the ground on each side of the road to a great depth. You see, successively, on the road, men walking in checked cloaks, children with blue woollen

caps, young girls with straw hats, bare legs, lively and smiling faces, and Circassian eyes; gipsies gravely smoking their pipes. Your attention is distracted from one spot to another, with agreeable objects, always new; picturesque pastures covered with frisking herds, wild, but superb; fallows roughened with the golden sceptres of the broom, or decorated with the supple branches, and elegant festoons of the laburnum. Further on, in the midst of a wood of gloomy firs, is the old castle of Douglas, and its Gothic bridge of one arch, thrown at the height of 122 feet above the torrent; the romantic port of Dunbar; Haddington, with its pretty fields, and its river which rolls over rocks of granite. At length you arrive at the foot of a group of mountains, among which is distinguished *Arthur's Seat*, or the throne of the Giant, and you enter Edinburgh.

We went over a part of this road in the night, but favoured by the almost unin-

terrupted brightness of the polar light, in a climate where the light of the sun never leaves the sky entirely at this season, and when twilight only begins to vanish before the first glimpses of the dawn.

CHAPTER XIII.

EDINBURGH.

Independently of the political and literary institutions which render Edinburgh one of the most interesting towns of modern Europe, and the edifices, or the recollections which give it a title of rivality with the most celebrated cities of ancient Europe, it seems that the name of the Athens of the North, which nobody contests, is a privilege of locality founded on very striking topographical resemblances. The town of Edinburgh is separated from the sea by a straight road of the same figure and the same length as that which led from Athens to the Piræus, which is

here represented by the town of Leith. Within the city is a rock, surmounted by a fortress, or antique citadel, which brings to mind the Acropolis: this is Edinburgh Castle. Having reached its majestic summit, absorbed in I know not what sentiments, I dreamt of nothing but Athens, and was looking for the Parthenon.

At some distance rises another hill, also within the town, on which strangers go to visit the monument of Hume, or that of Nelson. From this spot, looking towards the castle, you are placed between two towns, perfectly distinct, equally remarkable; to the left, the old town, black and severe, like the buildings of a fort in the days of chivalry; to the right, the new town, white and brilliant, like the enclosures of a palace. The houses are much higher than in Paris; the streets much broader than in London; almost all in a straight line, like those of Turin; and some are a mile in length. Most of the houses, more-

over, are built of a white stone, sparkling with mica; and when the sun strikes on their spicular spangles, one would suppose that the buildings were inlaid with diamonds.

We arrived at Edinburgh on a Sunday, that is to say, on one of those days of strict observance, when every house is closed, every shop is impenetrable, and all the world is at prayers. The solitude was immense, absolute; and the first feeling we had of Edinburgh was, that this prodigious city had been anciently built by a race of giants who had long since disappeared from the earth.

In vain would you seek in the old town of Edinburgh for the prison, more famous from an excellent novel than from history. The present prison is new, but in the ancient taste, like almost all the buildings that are erected in Great Britain. Parliament square is remarkable for a bad statue of Charles II. which does not contri-

bute to its ornament. The buildings just mentioned are far from being the most remarkable in Edinburgh: But I proceed in order, and Sir W. Scott, who has a considerable office in the court of justice, in the Parliament House, might have been there. Unfortunately he was not arrived, and my journey was lost. We shall only see Scotland.

The High church is Gothic and ruinous, surmounted by a steeple also Gothic, but a little more modern, the pyramid of which terminates in a strange kind of crown.

From the top of the platform of the castle the eye embraces a magnificent horizon. I felt very little curiosity to visit the interior of this fortress, whose menacing aspect is probably its greatest merit, and which seems to threaten with its fall the superb street called Prince's street, which extends along its base. Nor did I wish to examine the regalia or royal insig-

nia of the sovereigns of Scotland, recently discovered in a chamber that had been closed for more than a century. I found that my sensations lost much by being detailed. What I never was tired of admiring was the *ensemble* of this majestic town, the streets of which rivalling each other in extent and beauty, would however at length oppress the imagination with the monotony of their symmetrical grandeur, if this impression were not suspended or modified from time to time, by the view of some conspicuous building, or some verdant, umbrageous *square*, which separates them from each other. The projected place of the *circus*, the form of which is indicated by the frame, and which, it is said, will be finished in three months, is worthy of Athens herself.

The last hours of our stay concurred with a fortunate circumstance. However, it was neither the season of the Gaelic ball, nor the distribution of premiums for

the bagpipe. Some other motive, which I do not know, had brought to Edinburgh ten or a dozen chiefs of clans in all the pomp of their admirable costume. When you speak to the Parisians of the mountaineers of Scotland, they see nothing but a red soldier without breeches encamped in the Bois de Boulogne. That is not the place to see the Scotch, God forbid! but in Scotland. The chief of a Scotch clan, with his poniard and pistols, like a buccaneer, his *cacique* cap, his cloak resembling Grecian drapery, his party-coloured hose, which, like all the stuffs of the country, recal to mind the tatooing of the ancient inhabitants, which they have thrown into oblivion, his club of laburnum bent back as the sign of his command, his savage demi-nudity, and, with all that, his noble and gentle mien, is a living tradition, perhaps the only one in Europe, of our ages of strength and liberty. Though proud, and very proud of the dazzling beauty of their

dress, they do not walk—they fly, without looking at any thing, without stopping at any thing; and traverse towns like lions that have lost their way. In fact, they must feel there some painful sentiments. Their inhabitants were once free like themselves, but have precipitated themselves under the yoke of associations and laws, in order to gratify their idleness and their cupidity. I can easily comprehend that the Highlanders must despise the breeches of the civilized man. Chains come after them.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOLYROOD.

Holyrood is the ancient palace of the kings of Scotland in Edinburgh. It was founded by David I. in 1128. The construction of its admirable chapel must be of a somewhat later date. There repose the remains of James II., James V., Henry Darnley, and a multitude of others, distinguished by their rank or their historical character. In the midst of the ruins of this chapel, too much neglected for the honour of the nation, rise two fragments of ruins, singular from their picturesque physiognomy. They are the bases and first layers of two of those bundles of columns

which support the vaults of ancient churches, while they spread along at their summits. When terminated, at a moderate height, they represent to the eye the groups of black prisms in basaltic grottos.

We were conducted into the apartments occupied by the French princes during some of the years of their long exile. There is something affecting in the simplicity of this royal dwelling. The only ornament which distinguishes it from the interior of an old castellated mansion, is a pretty good collection of portraits of some Scottish nobles, and I know not how many beauties illustrated by the *volages amours* of Charles II. Some are from the pencil of Vandyke, and cited among his best productions; others belong to Mytens, his predecessor in reputation; or to Ramsay, one of his most able rivals. The chamber of the Duke d'Angouleme, looks upon rude masses of rocks, a view which at times was fully equivalent to that of a

throne. I have had no occasion for conversing with the great respecting their recollections of the residence of the Bourbons, but it has left a profound impression of compassion and respect in the people; and I say it, because it is true.

This apartment, this palace recals to mind moreover other misfortunes. What a subject for historical meditation--the Bourbons taking refuge in the tragical palace of the Stuarts! One breathes there, if I may be allowed the expression, I know not what atmosphere of solemn disasters which augments from age to age. Pity must entirely have disappeared from the earth if she did not return to weep over such deep sorrows. A picture which represents the family of Charles I. after his execution, was the first object which, on his rising, struck the eye of the brother of Lewis XVI.

It is but a step from this part of the palace to that which was occupied by the

unfortunate Mary. Here I enwrap myself in some of the strongest impressions of my heart. All the details of this apartment have been preserved with religious exactness. It is untouched in its grand and in its miserable appearances. You see no other modifications in the state of the furniture, the carpets, the paintings, the hangings, but what are the necessary work of time. They are royal rags, which would still have their splendour, if the insects had respected them as much as men. In the first chamber is Mary's bed, her arm-chairs, her sofas, on which she had embroidered the cipher of her first husband; even the work-basket on which her beautiful hand had so often leaned; even her dressing box. One might expect to be shown the crown of Mary Stewart, or her marriage ring in a rich trinket-box, but the imagination is not prepared for the sight of her work-table or her distaff. The second room is also a bed-chamber, in which

the bed, with slender posts, covered by a poor pink stuff, is accompanied by high chairs in the form of stalls of a singular shape. An old hanging of that time, raised up in one part, allows a sight of two narrow doors, one by which Darnley came in with his assassins to surprise Rizzio, the other, that of a closet where they concealed themselves. The lance and heavy armour of Henry Stuart are still shown. We then returned by the same way and left the first bed-chamber by a dark long vestibule, which we had not remarked on entering. A deep stain of blood marks the spot where Rizzio received his mortal wound, and other stains, irregularly traced in confused patches on the floor, show the efforts of his useless struggles. I do not know if the sensation is peculiar to myself, but I have never seen any thing comparable to this theatre of one of the most bloody tragedies of modern history, with all its decorations, even to the stains of blood,

which have remained there without being effaced, like that of Duncan on the fingers of Lady Macbeth. It is worth observing that nothing is more difficult to efface than blood. It is the testimony which always rises against the murderer; out of a hundred accusations of homicide, there is not a single one in which it does not serve as an indication. It even cries out in the presence of history and of posterity. The floors of Holyrood have drunk the blood of Rizzio through and through. It will never be washed out.

The recollection of Mary Stuart is as lively at Holyrood as if she had been beheaded yesterday at Fotheringay. In fact, the vestiges of her existence are in every part. In the chapel we saw the insulated nook where her confessional was placed. Her picture is in the long gallery of the portraits, historical, traditional, or fabulous, of the kings of Scotland, for even Fergus is not forgot. It is reproduced in

all the galleries, in all the chambers, and often several times; there is one in particular, where the portrait of the young princess, embellished with all the pomp of her nuptials with the young king of France, exhibits a strange contrast with the portrait of the bride of Bothwell. This last picture is surprising, from I know not what illusion of ideal resemblance, which answers exactly to a combination of features and expression which one has formed without knowing it, or which one has guessed. Mary Stuart still appears a queen, but above all, a woman; the deep play of her look, the perceptible thickness of her lips, the voluptuousness of the countenance, half surrendering, half enticing, reveal more secrets to my imagination than cotemporary history. I wish Schiller could have seen this portrait, or that Shakespeare could have treated the subject. In an adjoining room is a fine

portrait of Darnley, of the Dutch school. He is as thin as a spectre, but well made, tall, audacious, terrible. One may easily conceive the power of such a phantom over the feeble organization of a woman.

The respectable dame who led us through the palace added another illusion to all the rest in this singular spectacle. Her age, her antique and noble costume, her language, which was difficult for us, and every now and then was still more unintelligible and solemn, from an intermixture of old Scotch, the religious gravity of her narrations, broken from time to time with pathetic exclamations, all gave us the idea of one of the attendants of the unfortunate Mary, condemned perhaps for some culpable complaisance to come and show to curious strangers for ages to come a spot which recals to her mind both remorse and punishment. In truth, I do not believe this.

On our way home we stopt before a house which bears the name of Milton, and had just been rebuilt. The proprietor did not find it sufficiently commodious.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM EDINBURGH TO GLASGOW.

There is a time of life when we no longer exert, on all that surrounds us, that power of sensibility which drags along, which domineers, which makes us fear, and, above all, makes us love; a time when, notwithstanding the soul, still energetic, still young, preserves in the sole possession of its recollections something delicious, which only manifests itself in the calm of entire solitude. My heart palpitated with joy at the idea of arriving without a guide, and without companions, on the borders of the lakes of Caledonia, among a people who do not even understand English, and

which I only know myself enough to obtain, by means of ridiculous circumlocutions and extravagant gestures, the contrary of what I want. This extraordinary situation has something imperious, which renovates life, and I have often experienced it in my travels. It was this which made me desirous to separate for some days from my friends, and to exist in my own sensations, while theirs were communicated and lost in each other. A new country, a new appearance of nature and of manners, is for four men a sight—for one man it is a conquest.

The solitude of a Frenchman in Scotland is the more complete, as the knowledge of the dead languages is, as I have said elsewhere, very rare, if, indeed, it exists at all. Nothing is more difficult than to find an Englishman of the present generation, and of the lower classes, who knows Latin, which every body knew an hundred years ago, and I had the morti-

fication to be convinced of it even among the booksellers, who are necessarily very learned. This singularity is easily explained, however, by the fatal vogue of the deplorable methods of Bell and Lancaster, which have reduced all the inferior part of society to a superficial and coarse education, and have substituted a ridiculous mechanism in the place of the genius of teaching *. However, these methods are much more appropriated to the institutions and moral character of Great Britain than to ours. They may, at least, produce boxers in logic and spouters at taverns, but they never will produce a distinguished character. Is it not, moreover, remarkable, that for a great many years past no distinguished literary character

* I attest, on my conscience, that this opinion is not in the least determined by my political opinions. Honest men of all parties will agree as to the indecency and absurdity of mutual instruction, whenever it has ceased to be a party measure.

has sprung up from the class of the people in England? Under our ancient system of education, so loudly condemned, the son of a butcher of Milan became the preceptor of kings; the son of a wine-merchant of Amiens was the delight of the court; and the university at a later period found recruits among the cutlers of Langres, as the academy did among the braziers of Auvergne and the hatters of Lyons. Polyhymnia confided her lyre to a shoemaker, who would have been called to every social distinction had he been a virtuous man. Great noblemen disputed the advantage of lodging a workman of Geneva, a great enemy of all power, but a man of eloquence and feeling. Look at England at present, with this *philosophical* and *liberal* education, which people extol without knowing why, or rather because they do not yet know that it is neither *liberal* nor *philosophical*. There is not an individual worthy to be cited in the higher

departments of literature, (I beg Southey's pardon if he is not noble, and I did not inquire;) not one remarkable man, I say, who is not a lord or a baronet; and only let the same system be once established among us, and you may seek in vain for genius among the helots of modern society. To find a man of talent, it will be necessary to brush by a *Swiss*, and to traverse an anti-chamber. Fortunately we are not yet got so far.

What singular contradictions are there not in the nature and mind of man! You have heard our philosophers in Paris say, that humanity is indebted to the Scotch for two great blessings, (the second of which I really believe,) mutual instruction, and vaccination. You leave France; you arrive in Scotland; you visit the nation in its most enlightened towns; and you find, not without astonishment, that almost every body has had the small-pox, and that hardly any body knows how to read.

CHAPTER XVI.

GLASGOW.

The compilers of cosmographical notices generally mention Glasgow as the best built town in Europe. I should agree with them if I had not seen Edinburgh. Nevertheless, the streets traced on the left bank of the Clyde, on a magnificent plan, promise one day to rival Edinburgh itself; and the day is not far distant, if the progress of this fine town continues in the same proportion. It appears from authentic documents that, in 1610, it had only 7644 inhabitants, and that, in 1801, they only amounted to 84,000. At present there are above 150,000. It has therefore

gained 140,000 inhabitants in about 200 years, and more than 60,000 in less than twenty. This increase is perhaps a phenomenon without example in statistics.

The right bank was for a long time the only one that was built upon. It contains several superb streets and squares, as Argyle street, Queen street, George's square, in which is the statue of Sir John Moore; buildings of indifferent taste, but of fine effect, and particularly a handsome theatre. Among the religious buildings, after the cathedral which deserves particular notice, the only one mentioned is the Catholic chapel, of which the inhabitants of Glasgow are very proud, though it is of that renewed gothic so common in England, which is almost always defective, and here particularly in the harmony of the details; and which would be infinitely more interesting if the English had a few architects with as refined a taste as most of their engravers, and some of their paint-

ers. The view from New bridge, which leads to the new town, has something enchanting. It would put me in mind of that from the *Pont-des-Arts* at Paris, were not its banks of so fresh a verdure, and if the river, over which it is majestically thrown, did not disappear under a multitude of vessels. When you look nearer, and consider the people covered with draperies of lively and varied colours like those of Madras—the gypsies bending over the stream, and looking at the water, while they are smoking rolls of tobacco, not of so dark a colour as their browned mahogany skin—the light bridge which runs to the oriental horizon like an arch of reeds—and above all, the numerous steeples raised on cubical stories, which rise smaller and smaller one above another, like some minarets—you think yourself transported to the east. As Glasgow is still less frequented and less known by all the inhabitants of the Continent than Edinburgh—for in Europe

it is almost only the English who travel for the sake of travelling, the ancient manners and customs have been much better preserved, especially among the women, who every where else give the example of instability and of the love of change, at least in fashions. The women of Glasgow have generally and judiciously kept the old Scotch cloak, which is exceedingly well appropriated to the rigorous climate of the country. This cloak, which is exceedingly like the Venetian domino, is pretty often of a dark woollen cloth of little show. The most elegant are of that pretty tartan stuff which was fancied for some time by the ladies of Paris. The most common are of a dazzling red, the effect of which, produced by an association of ideas not necessary to explain, appeared horrible to me above two bare legs. The women of the lower classes, almost all those of the middling, and a considerable number of those of the higher classes, go

barefooted. Some have adopted shoes only. The fashionable ladies who have adopted the Parisian dress, have also borrowed the shape of their shoes, though in reality they are more like those of men; but this part of their accoutrements is what incommodes them the most, and is what they throw off with most pleasure when they are at liberty. A brilliant Scotch Belle has hardly exhausted the admiration of the *fashionables* in Glasgow, when she longs for solitude; and the first thought which occupies her in some bye-path, some solitary garden, or in the mysterious obscurity of her chamber, is not, as with us, the recollection of the last man who looked at her with a sigh, or the last woman who eclipsed her toilet; it is the impatient want of taking off her shoes and stockings, and to run with bare feet on the carpet, the turf, or the sand of the high road. The sight of these bare feet is hardly ever dis-

gusting, even among the people, nor is there any thing in it painful to sensibility, when we see them spreading out on the smooth flags of the broad foot-ways in Glasgow. Those that have shoes do not look near so well. The flat and broad form of the shoes, with buckles or strings, does not at all conceal the size of the foot, which no doubt is very conformable to the natural proportions, especially in a nation where nothing has impeded the freedom of motion for a long series of ages, but which is shocking to our eyes, accustomed to the forced exiguity of the feet of French women, which, in this respect, hold a kind of medium between the Scotch and the Chinese. The foot of the mountaineer, destined to press on narrow, slippery, steep spots, ought of course to be broad and strong. Feet which are small out of all proportion, are a beauty of the *boudoir*, which can only be appreciated by persons

condemned by their infirmities, or reduced by their own choice, to see the world only through a window, and travel over it in a carriage.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CATHEDRAL.

The cathedral of Glasgow, elevated above the steep street called High street, but on the other side of the hill which commands it, often escapes the eye of the traveller, who, besides, little expects to find so ancient and so striking an edifice in a town, the prosperity of which is so recent, and whose increase dates from so short a time. It is, in fact, the only building which attests that the city of Glasgow already enjoyed the recollections of ancient prosperity at the period when it began to be enlarged by its commerce and manufactures. The construction of this church is

said to have been begun in the first half of the 12th century; and the style of its architecture, which is that of the age when the introduction of the painted arch took place, and when its angles, afterwards so lofty, then only exhibited a feeble break in the centre, seems in reality to indicate an epoch not nearer to us. The vast extent of the building, the bold elevation of the pyramidal steeple, the dark and solemn tone of the walls, the noble and simple character of the smooth masses and unadorned lines, are indebted for a still more majestic impression to the choice of the solitary situation of which I have endeavoured to give an idea. The aspect of this edifice, almost foreign to the city, from which it is not seen, puts one in mind of those ancient temples, built at a time when the profane inclosure of cities was not deemed worthy of containing the house of the Lord, and when the sacred courts around the church had no other dwellings

but the silent mansions of the dead. Tombs more or less ancient, more or less ornamented, varying from the most simple tombstone up to the sarcophagus and the obelisk, of which some are surrounded with an iron railing, and the greatest number inclosed with borders of flowers, and crowned with cool shades, cover in every part the church-yard, which will hold no more. When you behold this spectacle during the night, all these snow-white marble monuments, glittering on the dark green of the graves and the black ground of the walks, resemble spectres called together by the midnight bell, and waiting for the dawn of day to sink back into their coffins. Behind the cathedral stretches out a long hill, on which it seems to bear, and which augments the severity of the picture by the dismal colour of its verdure, and the pyramidal shape of its evergreens, which point to the skies like the other obelisks in memory of the departed, and prolong,

through a profound perspective, the image and the thought of the tombs. Two handsome buildings, placed in the environs, do not diminish this impression. They are lonely; the whole space which surrounds them is uninhabited; and they might be taken for particular monuments erected only out of a more pompous vanity. It is necessary to walk some way towards Glasgow, to reach the summit of the height, and see the smoke of the long chimneys of the manufacturer, in order to return to the domain of life. There every one is occupied with the means of life, with working, with enjoying, and yet the time will come when the traveller, who shall seek on the banks of the Clyde for the poetical recollections which drew me there, shall find neither Glasgow, nor its manufactures, nor its tombs; for every thing of man on the earth dies, even the vestiges of his death.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BOXERS.

I SHALL not describe the shocking fights of the boxers, more common even in Scotland than they are in England. These exercises, very disgusting when they are only mercenary sports, have all the horror of an execution, when the hatred of the two parties makes them deadly duels. Chance forced me to undergo the sight of one of these cruel spectacles in the beautiful promenade of Glasgow. I had not time to turn away my eyes, when it would already have been impossible to place a shilling on the body of these wretches without touching blood. The cries of *box* from the populace, the ferocious attention

of the spectators, the methodical calm of the officious seconds, who enlarged the circle from one moment to another, the exclamations which marked the blows, the heart-rending groans of a woman in despair, the more suppressed, but not less profound grief of a father, all was frightful and terrible. At length they both fell senseless at once. I do not know if they had life enough left to cry for mercy.

I walked sorrowfully homewards along the delicious banks of the Clyde, which I had just followed, absorbed in charming ideas on the happiness of nations, whose institutions and manners are still close to nature; but this scene of barbarians had strangely distracted me from my happy illusions. Half vexation on thinking of my disappointed theories, half compassion in reflecting on the destiny of man, I felt a tear moisten my eye-lids, I put my hand to my pocket and found they had stole my handkerchief.

CHAPTER XIX.

CALEDONIA.

Caledoniam! Caledoniam! What recollections, what impressions in the name of the first poetical country, whose brilliant inspirations, the direction of my studies permitted me to learn! Here, all is natural, grand, sublime, all bears the character of solemn, unalterable antiquity. The manners of this people, their dress, their language even, are pure from mixture like themselves; and (a remark without exception,) wherever the original, or at least the immemorial language has been preserved, there is still a nation, because a nation is a language. There will never

again be Romans, but the Parthenon may one day rise from its ruins, if Lord Elgin has left any.

I set out from Glasgow at six in the morning, on the 28th of June, with delightful weather. The sky, however, was not so perfectly clear but what one could see here and there some passing clouds, the aspect of which, moreover, verified a conjecture I made formerly. This was, that the different kinds of vapours which rise from lakes, from rivers, and from the sea, reflecting the light of the sky, or becoming imprinted with the shadows of the mountains, and all varying among each other in volume, density, and colour, are infinitely more susceptible of forming images than the monotonous clouds of our continents, which float without any shock or accidents on regular surfaces. The mythology of Ossian is necessarily founded on physical probabilities, like all mythologies; and while I was taking this note, I thought

I beheld Malvina leaning over her harp, letting loose to the winds the wavy silk of her locks. I felt that it would be easy to discover in these caprices of the atmosphere all the shades of my forefathers, but why look for them? That of my father is not there, and arrested over the narrow spot of the exile where he left me, it inhabits other clouds which will never more pass over my head.

The first miles out of Glasgow are neither more nor less beautiful than the finest part of the banks of the Saône. You behold well cultivated plains, stocked with elegant dwellings or rich manufactories, the horizon of which is only varied by the vaporous sinuosities of some hills. At the distance of nine miles the Clyde enlarges in an extraordinary manner. The ruins of the old church of St. Patrick hang over its course with a piece of wall out of the perpendicular, the equilibrium of which astonishes the traveller. Farther on the

austere rocks of Dunbarton terminate the prospect, and resemble a vast natural cupola of which the river is the avenue. By little and little they open, advance, and discover to the eye that basaltic mass so striking, and at the same time so strange, which incloses between two enormous side walls, divided by a percussion that can only be attributed to the most ancient revolutions of the globe, the most dismal castle with which feudality ever terrified the eyes of nations. Groups of red soldiers, who throw their looks down its desolate depth, from the top of the fortifications, render this spectacle still more painful to the eyes and heart of a traveller who cherishes liberty. It was at Dunbarton that it was, first of all, thought of confining Napoleon; a circumstance which removes this fortress from us by the whole diameter of a world; and when I thought, as I ran on the iron strand which separates the rock on which it is founded from

the majestic course of tbe Clyde, that this river was the *Clutha*, this mountain the *Balclutha* of Ossian, this ancient town the *Aldcluitha* of Bede; that it was there that Carthon had reigned, and the lovely daughter of Cathmol had sighed; when my mind rested on the monuments of a nearer epoch, on the rock of the surprise of Ruthven, and the triumphal tower of Wallace; when I embraced at a glance the vestiges of the passage of so many ages, and saw opening before me the poetical empire of the Caledonian bards, of whom *Balclutha* is the Ilium, I could with difficulty have guarded myself against a return of the enthusiasm which I felt at twenty. Every thing recals to mind at Dunbarton the proud independence of a primitive people; the choice of an inaccessible position such as a warlike tribe would select, with the mysterious forms of their melancholy religion. Faujas de Saint-Fond, says, (*Voyage en Angleterre et en Ecosse*, p.

262, tom. 1.) "I do not know how Pennant, speaking of this rock, could say it was of an astonishing height, I found that it was at most only 250 feet." I think I can perfectly guess the reason of this difference. It is marked by the entire distance which exists between a man of feeling and a mere academician. Pennant yielded to an impression, Faujas took a measurement.

I departed, not without often turning my eyes back on *Balclutha*, for it was no longer Dunbarton, and I was still calling up the shades of ancient warriors and of ancient poets, when a lofty column to the left seemed to indicate a tomb. I approached—I read—and threw with respect some wild flowers which I had just stolen from the ancient dwelling of the bards, on the stone consecrated to the memory of one of their heirs. It was the monument of Smollett.

CHAPTER XX.

LOCH-LOMOND.

The first remarkable point which my itinerary pointed out was *Dun-Fion*, or the Mountain of Fingal, which preserves some vestiges of an ancient encampment of that hero. Further on extends Rushy-Dale, famous for the bloody encounter of the Colquhouns and M'Gregors, about the beginning of the 17th century. Loch-Lomond began to display itself to the right, and decorated an immense horizon with the incredible variety of its aspects. Let not the reader expect from me the impossible effort of delineating it. Who, with cold ink and sterile words, could im-

press on the mind and heart of others, emotions, at which one is astonished oneself, and which one no longer conceived oneself capable of experiencing? Who could describe this mediterranean of the mountains, covered with islands, all varied in their forms and character; some grave, majestic, covered with black shades confounded with the colour of the water, (for the lakes of Caledonia are still the black lakes of Ossian;) others still more dismal, more austere, showing here and there on their surface some naked ledges, occasionally distinguished by some whimsical reflections of light or some tufts of rock flowers; the greater number displaying verdant banks, delightful groves, clumps of elevated trees, placed like great masses of shade on the silky green of the turf, a delicious pleasure-ground, into which the soul transports itself with ravishment, and whose eloquent beauty speaks to the heart of all mankind? I

saw a peasant motionless in front of the lake, his eyes fixed upon it, his mind absorbed, to all appearance, in a profound meditation. I went near him, and this disturbed his contemplation. He looked at me for a moment, sighed, and, lifting his hands to heaven, exclaimed,—*fine country!*

Loch-Lomond, says the excellent itinerary of Chapman, may be considered for elegance, grandeur, and variety of sites and views, as the most interesting and most magnificent in Great Britain. I, who have travelled over many countries, consider it to be one of the most interesting and magnificent sights in nature; and I flatter myself that I can bring any one of my readers to be of the same opinion, though he should be the least sensible to this kind of beauty, without employing any of the illusions of hyperbolical exaggeration. Let him represent to himself a lake, on which are reckoned thirty-two islands—a great number of which are seve-

ral miles in length—the horizon of which is confused on every side by a chain of mountains, some of which are more than 500 toises in height. To this simple topographical fact, let him add the effect of a varied vegetation, always charming or sublime; of the accidents of light and shade in the circuits of those profound glens, where the sun appears and disappears every instant, as he passes behind the mountains which embrace them; the whimsical appearances of the vapours which hang on their summits, in a country which has consecrated, if one may say so, the mythology of the clouds; the singular noises of the echoes, which transmit to each other, at infinite distances, the lightest rumour of the lightest wave, and which, finally bring to your ear I know not what harmonious tremor, like that which dies away in the last vibration of the string of a harp; the tradition of the earliest ages, and with it the names of Ossian, of Fin-

gal, of Oscar, who have come down with the memory of their actions and their songs to all the inhabitants of these shores, as living almost as those of heroes of a more recent epoch, as that Rob Roy himself, by whom the Caledonian, when affected with some sudden surprise, or deep subject of fear, swears at this day as the Latins did by Hercules. In short, I have not reckoned in this enumeration three wonders of Loch-Lomond, which the boatmen never forget to remark: the floating islands, the waves without wind, and the fish without fins. This fish, which is very common, and is sometimes eat in the country, and which has been taken by some travellers for a viper, is a very innocent snake, the *coluber natrix*, if I am not mistaken.

The ancients gave Loch-Lomond the pretty name of *Lyncalidor*, formed from the Gaelic *Hyn-celydd-dur*, (water of the shady mountains.) The name of

Lomond comes from the highest and most singular of its mountains, Ben Lomond, remarkable for the cone entirely bare which crowns it. *Llwmonwy* signifies the Bald Mountain. Sir W. Scott has been happily inspired by these delicious landscapes; but what poet would not have been inspired by the *Lyncalidor?* and what picturesque site would not have inspired the brilliant Ossian of modern Scotland? It is only such scenery that could give birth to such poetry.

CHAPTER XXI.

LUSS.

TRAVELLERS generally stop at Luss, which is the *Lutha* of Ossian, and about half way from Glasgow to Inverary. From thence, one may visit the islands on the lake; and this is the usual object of parties of pleasure from the north of England. I dined there in a room where the travellers who are attracted to this admirable region seldom fail to write their names on the wall and wainscot. I found only one French name, and it was my own. Fifteen years ago such a circumstance would have made me have sweet dreams. What friend could have been thinking of me

among the mountains of Scotland; and why did he neglect to trace his own name by the side of mine? I cannot express how this idea delighted me, how it peopled this country, and God knows that it wants it! The certainty of a human thought having been fixed upon me in these deserts, gave something additional to the enchantments of their solitude and silence. I went on twelve miles farther without hearing any other noise then the motion of the lake, which has *waves without wind*, without seeing any living creature but a bird, of the form of a snipe, but as small again, which flies whistling on the strand from one stone to another, leaps about, turns its head, and disappears like a shot. But I forget; I saw a woman with a most lovely and regular countenance, only a little pale. Her hair was turned up under one of those straw hats which were in fashion in Paris when I left it, but which I could not name. She had a Scotch

gown, clean and simple, like all the peasant women, bare legs, and a melancholy and soft eye. Her two children came after her to show her the traveller. I looked round for a house, but could only perceive a hut, consisting of some hundreds of stones, heaped up with little expense, to defend three poor creatures against the fury of the winds, the weight of the snow, and the cold.

What astonished me above all, was to find a road well kept, elegant as the walks in the pleasure-grounds of the rich. It seems laid out expressly to give to travellers who are particular, the delight of a commodious and almost voluptuous amphitheatre for the representation of the most solemn scenes in nature. I was arrived at that graceful and picturesque slope, at that charming and sublime situation, perhaps unrivalled on the earth, called Firkin's Point, and from which, with a glance, you may run over the multiplied inclo-

sures formed by the mountains round the numerous gulfs of the lake, like so many immense saloons of verdure, admiring their magnificent decorations in compartments of crystal.

CHAPTER XXII.

TARBET.

I WAS ten days too late for the botanical excursion of Dr. Hooker, the learned professor of Glasgow, to whom I had been recommended by the kindness of Bory de Saint-Vincent, and whose kind reception of me will afford lasting recollections of gratitude. Provided with the itinerary he had traced for me, and with his recommendations, I was to stop at Tarbet with the good Coll Walker. In no part does Loch Lomond display more magnificence; in no part does Ben Lomond, which commands it, and which they call *the king of hills*, appear more majestic. After having

followed these delicious banks for twenty miles, one feels again at Tarbet a new sentiment of admiration. The sieur Faujas de Saint Fond, whose marble heart never palpitated but for marble, himself felt the effect of this local seduction, so well described in some charming verses by Russel, "The superb Loch Lomond," says he, (it is a naturalist who is speaking and not a poet, though one might easily make the mistake,) "the beautiful sunshine which gilded its waters, the silvery rocks which bordered its banks, the verdant and flowering mosses, the black cattle, the white sheep, the shepherds under the firs, will never leave my memory, and make me wish not to die without seeing Tarbet again. I shall often think of Tarbet even in the midst of beautiful Italy, with its orange-trees, myrtles, laurels, and jessamines." I also hope not to die without having seen Tarbet again, but I am greatly obliged to the austerity of a phi-

losopher for having saved me the trouble of a fresh effort of enthusiasm, the expression of which I repeat too often. The opinion of a romantic mineralogist is by no means a feeble buckler against the prejudices to which I am exposed. I have also, like him, the pleasure to pay my tribute of praise to the kind attentions of hospitality, so uncommon in an inn, so agreeable at all times in a desert; for the reader must not persuade himself, from the inspection of some maps, that Dunbartonshire, for example, is peopled like one of our departments. Most of the spots marked in the itineraries should only be considered as resting-places. They are commonly uninhabited ruins, which one enters without exciting any other attention than that of the swallows who fly away at the sight of you. Some of these huts have even totally disappeared. What is more, Tarbet and Arroquhar, which are like another Tyre and another Sidon on these

shores, consist merely of two or three houses grouped round an inn. In fact, they are called Tarbet inn, Arroquhar inn; and truly they are nothing else, for there is no reason for setting up a greater establishment, or for a greater increase of population in a country equally deprived of the resources of agriculture and of manufactures, where the winter is almost intolerable, the autumn stormy and cold, the spring unknown, summer rare, and only lasting two months in the best years. All this does not prevent the inn at Tarbet from being one of the best in Europe, and where the delicate attentions of benevolence and politeness cost the least money. For my part, I have travelled many thousand leagues in France, Germany, Italy, England, without finding one to be preferred to it, even in the most frequented roads and in the most opulent provinces. The prosperity it enjoys is owing to the small relative value of the first objects of con-

sumption, and to the concourse of travellers; that is to say the English, a nation essentially curious about its local riches, appreciating them with taste, and improving them with judgment, and who, if they possessed them, would change our fine situations into elysiums, and our ruins into mines of gold.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS.

The parts of the counties of Argyle and of Dunbarton which I traversed, belong to the mica-schistus grounds of M. Boué, in his *Geological Essay on Scotland*; and it must have been from analogous quarries that the materials of the shining houses of Edinburgh have been extracted. In the history of the conquest of Mexico there is mention of a small town built of such glittering stone that the companions of Cortez thought, at a distance, it was built of silver; but they were not mineralogists, and it would be rash to suppose that it was constructed of mica-schistus. How-

ever that may be, this illusion is often repeated on the banks of Loch Lomond, and particularly at the picturesque cape of Firkin, remarkable for the nature and physiognomy of the rocks which descend towards the shore. They are great masses of wavy schistus, the scales of which, of a pearly whiteness, resemble at a distance the foam of the waters agitated by the wind and whitened by the breakers on the coast. One might think they were waves caught and petrified at the moment they were falling into the water of the lake, and whose eternal immobility contrasts with the ceaseless agitation of those which die away at their feet. It appears from the measurements of the exact and learned geologist, whom I named at the beginning of this paragraph, that Loch Lomond and Loch Kathrine are the deepest in Scotland, an observation which may explain the dark opacity of their habitual colour. The

former is 600 feet deep near Tarbet, and the latter 480 through almost its whole extent.

One of the motives which had determined me to circumscribe my solitude was the desire to ascertain, with some degree of care, the natural productions of the mountains of Scotland, having strongly taken it into my head that they must be more marked, and, if I may be allowed the expression, more specially local than they are in reality. The geology alone has this distinctive character which I had hoped to find in the other categories, and it is precisely that which I understand the least. As to plants, I was directed by the excellent *Flora Scotica* of the amiable and profound Dr. Hooker, as well as by his counsels, and by the admirable instinct of his usual guide, a lively, active, ingenious, penetrating old man, as these mountaineers generally are; and who never failed to find for me any plant which had excited in the

learned professor a sentiment of simple pleasure, of surprise, enthusiam, or rapture; and then figured his senations by exclamations or gestures, which never deceived me a single time as to the importance of the discovery. I contented myself with collecting the species which struck me the most from the novelty of their aspect; happy to add some to the rich collection with which Dr. Hooker had charged me for Bory de Saint-Vincent, and certain of receiving from the latter clear and brilliant notions, which would prolong, for a length of time, the charm of my explorations and the pleasure of my journey. I write these pages almost under his eyes, in which nothing absolutely belongs to me but the advantage of having seen myself as I ran along, in a country little known, what I could only describe from others.

Those who are not in the habit of this kind of investigation, are wrong in supposing that very opposite climates differ es-

sentially in all their vegetable productions. The high mountains of hot countries often present to the observer the same plants as the most northern regions of the globe. The traveller who has just picked at their foot the thick *veloutier* of a silver colour, the milky scevola, the *mango* tree, whose branches dipping into the sea get loaded with oysters like bunches of grapes, is astonished to change his tone as he rises above the level of the ocean, and to see succeed each other the more humble plants which grow under the equator, and even the austere plants of Scotland or Lapland. Thus on the wild sides of the Cobbler or of Ben Lomond, Bory would have found again, with me, the purple tubercles of the coral-like *Beomyces*, which we behold shining on the heaths of southern Europe, and which he had picked even on the elevated tracts of the isle Bourbon. Figure to yourself the lengthened cone of a champaign glass, reduced to the proportions of an ele-

gant miniature, raised a few lines above the velvet green of the common mosses, and crowning its fresh verdure with a little diadem of rubies, you will have an image of this ornament of Alpine solitudes.

Rounded tufts of a brownish green announced to me further off the *hymenophyllum* of Tunbridge*, first discovered in England, and observed since on different points of our mountains, where it is extremely rare, and again discovered by Bory in that same isle Bourbon which was so fertile in discoveries for him. It is remarkable for a peculiar aspect, which accounts for its Greek name. Its transparent leaves have none of the compact verdure or succulent consistence of vegetables; they are, in fact, *membranous leaves*, which have rather the appearance of certain silky tissues; for providence, which, according to the terms of Scripture, has clothed the lily with a more shining robe than that of

* Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense.

kings, has refused neither silk nor coral to the meanest of its subjects.

Another cryptogamous species, very worthy of attention, is the *Borrera flavicans*, which Mr. Lightfoot, author of a Flora of Scotland, and predecessor of Dr. Hooker, had already found on Ben Lomond, but which he mistook for a known plant by referring it to the *lichen vulpinus* of Linnæus. Neither Bory nor I ever found it in a state of fructification, though our eyes have been often attracted, in different countries, by its elegant little cushions, intermixed with filaments of the finest yellow colour, which form a singular and striking contrast with the sombre tone and monotonous ground of the schisti, gneiss, and basaltes.

It is cryptogamy which supplies almost all the ornament of mountains to a certain height. On the multitude of mosses which supply the place of the short and slender points of the turf, creeps that *lycopodium*, the pollen of which is better known for

furnishing flashes of lightning at the Opera, than as the asylum of some pretty *mycetophagi* sought after by the entomologist. Who would think that the last as well as the first of our theatrical exhibitions would force into their service even the miserable cryptogamous plants of the arctic regions, and that a part of the revenue of northern Europe should be founded on the torches of our furies and the *ignes fatui* of our spectres! Of the melodrame, in particular, it may be said that its light comes from the north; a great subject of meditation for speculative philosophers and political economists!

As I am not writing a journal of natural history, I must again beg pardon of the reader for the insipidity of this forced nomenclature, and for mentioning nothing but mosses in a country of which the elevated points produce hardly any thing else. Among those which Dr. Hooker observed, and which he mentions in his inap-

preciable volume, I recognised with the most lively pleasure, which persons unaccustomed to this kind of pursuit cannot understand, the *Bryum turbinatum*, whose little urns are balanced on very long peduncles; the *Weissia acuta* which heaps itself up on fragments of rocks; the *Splachnum mnioides*, charged with such regular bottles, and the *Encalyptus streptocarpus*, whose conic hood recals to mind the pointed cap of our lawyers, or that instrument destined to put out light, with which some philosophers, more enlightened perhaps than modest, formerly decorated our ignorance *.

The cold and naked heaths of Scotland, like those of other northern regions, are covered by the lichen of the rein-deer; but nature, which has been prodigal in this country of the food of the valuable servant of the Laplanders, has not placed

* This moss was long confounded with the *Bryum extinctorium*.

there the animal which feeds upon it. No great quadruped animates by its presence the solitudes of Caledonia, unless it be some wandering deer, which must also be scarce. Scarcely does a fierce mewing indicate, from time to time, the wild cat; and I did not hear it: and among the birds, hardly does a long whistling, or a short and frequent cry, like the screaming note of the wild-goose, indicate the retreat of the ptarmigan, a sort of moor-fowl or *tetrao*, famous among the mountaineers, which lives above the humid domain of the heron, and below that of the eagle, in the low, sombre, sweet verdure of the herbaceous shrubs, or the arborescent herbs of the mountain, in the midst of the *Vaccinium myrtillus*, with black sweet berries, which I have so often stripped of their jet-black globules in the pine-forests of Carniola and Croatia; of the *V. oxycoccos*, whose shining cherry invites the black cock from a distance; of the *Erica daboecia*, whose purplish flowers hang in

little balls from its stalk. The *andromeda*, fastened to the rock like the virgin from whom it receives its name, the sweet-gale and some heaths tower above the dismal *pyrola* with four leaves, and above the little *Genista Anglica*, whose slender twigs, armed with pricks turned back, catch the wool of the wandering sheep, which, in its turn, strips them of their golden flowers.

My entomological researches were infinitely less fruitful than I had promised myself. Though we had got to the beginning of July, a tolerably advanced period of the season even for Scotland, and the weather was as favourable as could be wished, few insects had yet trusted to the mild promises of the temperature; or rather, the constitution of this cold and humid atmosphere never allows more than a very small number of species to go through their metamorphoses, and to arrive at the last term of their changes. The most scrupulous attention, joined to great prac-

tice, did not bring to my notice in the mountains of Scotland, more than two or three species of *tinea* and *pyralea* common enough, and half a score of chilly *coleoptera*, who kept themselves hid under the stones, or covered with thick layers like a winter garment. Even these belonged almost all to the family of the *Carabidæ*, which I suspect is very rich in this country seldom explored, for it presented to me, among other very rare species, four entirely new; for one of which I am indebted to the kindness of Dr. Hooker, and which I feel a pleasant duty in dedicating to him *.

I hasten to get out of these details, with which I was not so long engaged on Ben-Lomond as I have been in writing them. The most lively taste for some particular studies, of which one has contracted a ha-

* Carabus Hookeri. Affinis certe C. Auronitenti, sed duplo minor. Apterus, elytris sulcatis viridibus, lineis elevatis externis, apice tricrenatis. N.

bit and a want, cannot however balance long the strongest emotions which it has been given to the heart of man to experience; and how find place for a mania when one yields to the power of a sentiment which contains all sentiments together? Here there is not a faculty of the soul unoccupied, not one that is not enlarged, and which does not receive the certain revelation of all the strength it has left. One must give up a man, whom chance having placed on the top of a high mountain between the sky and the abysses, should not discover in himself the soul of a man. The air of the mountains is too generous for common organizations. Reptiles cannot live in it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BEN LOMOND.

On my arrival at the foot of Ben Lomond, the east began to glitter with all the splendour of the morning. I left Loch Lomond at my feet, and rose in the midst of a long girdle of mountains diversely illuminated. To the west, and at a little distance on the grey ground of the horizon, was strongly drawn a grotesque side-view of the *Cobbler*, so called perhaps because the two rocks which surmount it have an imperfect resemblance to a man bent down, and half leaning on a stand. The allusion is quite in the genius of a people who figure all their ideas, and paint all

natural objects by comparisons and images. The *Cobbler* is also called *Ben-Arthur*, the name of a giant of the fabulous ages who probably loved to repose on the tops of mountains on a throne of basalt. I have already mentioned one of these singular natural monuments in the environs of Edinburgh.

In proportion as I advanced vertically, the action of the sun and the direction of the air gave to the mists of the lake a multitude of figures and positions, which changed the view at every moment. Sometimes the summit alone of the mountains was disengaged from the white vapours of the morning, and seemed to float like a black vessel on all the clouds of earth and heaven. The heteroclite rocks of the *Cobbler*, suspended over this ocean of mists which come dripping on the undefined surface I was going over, resembled two shoals against which the foundering vessels seemed ready to break. A moment

after, all reappeared. The mountains stripped themselves to their feet of their humid dresses; and the waters were seen rocking themselves gently against the banks as they rolled along those light flakes of transparent vapours which, in softness and colour, imitated the fleece of lambs, and the eider-down of birds, and which the Caledonians, with a picturesque truth that belongs only to them, designate by the name of the *white plumes of the lake*. But the sun gains strength. His rays, less horizontal, strike the ground which they only skimmed. The shadows retire, and the mists, driven like light dust under the wheels of his car, fly off so light and fugitive that they do not even darken the nearest objects, which you can always distinguish as through a transparent gauze. Only for a moment, when the curtain thickens at a greater distance, and becomes again as before, vast, humid, obscure, impenetrable, it closes on every side around

the mountain, and envelopes the spot you occupy like the waves which menaced man on the last summit which the deluge had not invaded. Does a new ray shine forth, the curtain unfolds again, the sky is lighted up, creation springs out of another chaos, and is regenerated before your eyes full of grandeur and beauty. You behold again the mountains, the lake of the sky, while your eye follows on some distant summit the fantastic appearance of a cloud which dissolves away under the form of a reclining giant, or a fine stag mortally wounded.

The excursion to Ben Lomond is attended with no sort of danger for those who do not seek for it, and who have not the imprudence to try a useless peril by walking on the narrow crest of a rock from which the eye measures a precipice of 300 or 400 feet. It has even very few difficulties, and what renders it more commodious is, that the ground is carpeted al-

most in every part with a sort of fair moss extremely thick, of a gentle elasticity, and which does not offend the foot any more than the most delicate carpet. The only very steep path on the mountain is that which leads from about three-fourths of its elevation to the summit. This upper height, which is distinguished from a great distance by its form and colour, and which resembles another mountain placed on the first, is entirely despoiled of verdure. It is to this peculiarity that Ben Lomond, as I have already said, owes its Gaelic name. When one has reached the top, one feels a very sharp cold, which would not be without inconvenience after a fatiguing walk, if one ceased too suddenly to keep up the perspiration by moderate exercise, and did not take the precaution to seek shelter from the current of air at the foot of a rude pyramid which the mountaineers have erected probably with this view. When one has had time to get over the confusion of

the first impression, and can give an account to oneself of what one sees and feels, one is transported at once with the idea that we are called to enjoy one of the most striking sights in nature: but I do not suppose that any man would think of representing the scene displayed before his eyes with words or colours: that is above the power of man. All that one sees, however, is only lakes, islands and mountains, most of them very inferior in height to Ben Lomond, and which creep at his feet like a herd of black cattle; the horizon has not a plain, not a field which announces the hand of man, not a roof which proclaims his habitation*. The few that ex-

* I speak of the day when I was on Ben Lomond. I saw distinctly enough the rock of Dunbarton, the banks of the Clyde, and the sea. I saw still more distinctly many lakes, among others Loch Kathrine and Loch Monteith; many mountains, the most clear and remarkable of which were *Ben Arthur*, *Ben Voirlich*, and *Ben Nevis*. The *tourists*, or writers of travels, assert that one may also see the Paps of Jura, and even Edinburgh Castle, and the coasts of Ireland. It is probable

ist apart from each other disappear under thick clumps of trees, or are lost from their smallness among the details which the eye cannot reach. One can easily conceive how delightful it must be for a traveller who has reached the elevated point of one of our mountains on the Continent, to contemplate a space which has no limits but the sky, and which unfolds before his eyes all the riches of nature, all the wonders of civilization; lovely fields, opulent towns, canals covered with boats, hills clothed with plantations. But what one cannot conceive without having seen it, is the solemn and terrible in the aspect of a desert, where nothing exists but by virtue of the creation; where no power, no will

that these sublime decorations are reserved for days extremely clear, which cannot be common in Scotland. Is it necessary for me to observe, by the bye, that many of these Gaelic names are no strangers to the ancient language of our Celts? I was born between two mountains, one of which is called Jura, and the other Lomond.

has modified the works of the power and the will of God; where all the productions of his hand preserve without alteration the stamp imprinted upon them in the first days of the world; where nothing has changed, absolutely nothing, since the day when the Lord separated the earth from the waters, placed islands in lakes, lakes among mountains, mountains in other lakes, and the entire earth like an immense island in the midst of the ocean. This sentiment, added to the material impression of the local beauties, entirely changes their effect. One supports, without noticing it, and even with a sort of pleasure, the conviction of a limited solitude, and a voluntary insulation; but when one has climbed towards the heavens, a space which may be estimated at the perpendicular height of half a mile; when one has beheld the ray of the horizon extend on every side till it is at length lost in an unknown line in which the last mountains

and the first clouds are confounded; when one has called on this vast desert for man, and solitude only has answered, the astounded soul falls back on herself, and feels the want of collecting all her strength against the overwhelming power of nature. She has here an awful character which surmounts all the cowardly melancholies of the heart, and when, from the midst of these solitudes, one recals to mind society with its interests, its friendships, its institutions, its grandeurs, its mighty names, one sees nothing but a caricature in the eternal order. I pointed out Loch Kathrine to my guide, and we descended rapidly among the mountains, which raised successively around us their vast cupolas, and closed in, at every step which we took towards the base of Ben Lomond, the space more and more limited between the sky and the earth.

CHAPTER XXV.

FROM BEN LOMOND TO LOCH KATHRINE.

As it is not the custom to go directly from Ben Lomond to Loch Kathrine, without returning to Inversnaid or Tarbet, we were obliged to trace a road for ourselves, by cutting across the country as the bird flies, over hills horribly wild, and through wet and cold glens, ploughed up at every step by frightful ravines, where the foot, badly supported on a black moveable soil, entirely composed of vegetable remains, becomes imprisoned wherever it is necessary to bear hard on an elastic earth, which for a long time preserves the impression. These dismal spots have only a sombre and

monotonous vegetation, interrupted here and there by large crevices, from which sport rills of not very limpid water, which flows slowly in a bed some fathoms in length, and then loses itself in another hole where it continues its subterraneous course. It was on the bank of such a brook that we took our evening meal, a very simple repast, as may be imagined. It was at the expense of its naiads that we quenched our thirst, but not without mixing in our drink some drops of that oaten spirit which the inhabitants call *whisky*, and which has the advantage of giving to the most suspicious water, a taste agreeable enough, and a salubrious quality. No where in Europe did I ever find myself in a more disordered region*, or which bore a more visible impression of some great natural catastrophe. My guide made me understand, in his way, that all this part of the shores of Loch Lomond had

* *Une contrée plus bouleversée.*

been tortured by frequent earthquakes, the last of which was pretty recent. Eager to approach my object, eager perhaps to get away from the sinister aspects of these nameless deserts, I took advantage of the long glimmering of the crepuscular light to get over the greatest space possible, before dark came on entirely; and I walked, or rather fled, attended by the screams of a great white bird, whose solitary covey I had probably disturbed, and which pursued me for five or six miles with its frightful cries, like those of a sick child. At length a milder spot, a more open glen, a rude but clean soil, enchanted by the murmur of gentle breezes and of birch trees, but above all, the ravishing, though perhaps deceitful charm of the Ossianic cosmography, retained me on the banks of the lake and among the heaths of Cona. There, enveloped in my cloak, my Scotch plaid rolled round my head, I passed the two or three hours of a night peopled with poeti-

cal chimeras. At the point of day I got out of these mountains, whence a very steep but easier descent, and of a much more agreeable cast than the fatiguing road I had traversed the preceding eve, conducted me to Loch Kathrine, the most melancholy and most inspiring of the lakes of Scotland. The charming descriptions of a delicious poem, by Sir Walter Scott, the *Lady of the Lake*, were taken from its banks.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LOCH KATHRINE.

The boatwoman of Loch Kathrine, when you come by the side of Inversnaid, is known to travellers. She was in a small field when we arrived, but she flew before us up to her stone-cot, in order to offer us some delicious milk, and oat cakes of unleavened dough, dry, pale, friable, which have a look of earth whitened by the sun, and perhaps the taste of it, but to which one can easily accustom oneself, and especially when one is hungry. It is observable, moreover, that the natural food of the people is every where the wholesomest aliment, and that of which one gets the

least tired. While I was relishing the milk of Caledonia on the border of the *cold lake of the dark rocks,* (which is the meaning of its Gaelic name, *Loch Keidiuerrin,)* I considered, with an astonishment which I still experience, the dress of the daughter of the waves and mountains. I beg the reader to excuse this romantic pathos in a country where it is almost indigenous. In fact, nothing has ever surprised me more among half civilized nations, than the extremely anticipated refinement of their fashions and manners. I believe that the love of the toilet has been given, especially to women, in order that the transitions from the primitive state, to what we call highly-civilized, might be less sensible. They are the first to taste the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and to teach man to hide the shame of his nakedness which has become culpable only since it has ceased to be ingenuous and conformable to his nature. All travellers know that it is in the

best frequented countries, and the most out of the way, that the women are found to have the most singular refinements in dress. Ambition and coquetry are still more intense among savages than with us, and if not essentially more active, they are at least more open and more ingenuous. After all there is nothing particular in the costume of the Caledonian women, and this is precisely what one would not expect. There are traditions of fashions which fly from one woman to another with all the rapidity of the electric spark. Only all these imitations are in extremes, and it is impossible it should be otherwise. A sure taste is the sure index of complete perfection. Ignorance and clumsiness betray themselves in caricature. The young women of the mountains of Scotland are, in general, remarkably clean, when compared with our peasants. There is a charm in the arrangement of their hair, and an ease and grace in their manner of holding their

head. Their short petticoat, commonly of a deep colour, shows off the whiteness of their legs, which are admirably shaped, though large and vigorous. They have the beauty of strength, but there is something which astonishes and hurts the imagination in their toilet, which recals to mind too forcibly certain negligees, and certain graces infinitely less innocent. When I saw the Morlachian girls, I thought that, with their tinsel, their counters, and their shreds of all colours, they had a striking resemblance to the *figurantes* of a provincial opera, when behind the scenes. I dare not say what most of the young Caledonian women are like, and in truth they think little about it.

The boatwoman of Loch Kathrine is called Mannah, and must be about twenty. Her lively, animated, and very pleasing countenance, is not remarkable for its style, which resembles the Tartar or Caucasian type. Her complexion, ochred by

the sun, indicates, perhaps, an ancient mixture of the blood of the Gipsies so much diffused through these regions. Her eye is full of poetry, but it is a fugitive sentiment which changes every moment, and almost turns into derision the rapidity of impressions which it communicates. She is delighted, astonished, afflicted, asleep. She plunges into the water to set a boat afloat, and takes a leap into it of ten feet from the shore, and comes tumbling on her knees. She runs from one end of it to the other, sits down, makes the oars play, and sings. She is always in a humour to be gay, always ready to be melancholy. If a man looks at her, she gives a long stroke with the oars, lets them go, dips her hands in the water, washes her face and neck, rolls up with vehemence her long tresses of black hair round her three-toothed comb, lets them fall in graceful ringlets, and begins again to row and to sing, watching continually to the

right and left for an echo that may catch and answer her voice.

While the boat went on, I asked Mannah for a song in the ancient Gaelic, and by the help of pantomine, of circumlocutions, and a mixture of English, Celtic, and Sclavonian, which resemble nothing, but, for all I know, might resemble Gaelic, I got her to understand me, but without gaining much by it. All I can say is, that she sung with wild enthusiasm, a very lamentable episode, probably taken from an ancient epic poem, and which, from her extravagant declamation, and the picturesque harmony of the dialect, full of aspirations and shouts, screaming and roaring like a storm, had a most singular character. With what profound dissatisfaction at myself did I then regret so many years lost in dissipation and idleness, when the study of a few months would have sufficed to procure for me at that moment one of the most powerful impressions in

life. I should have heard a Gaelic song in its primitive beauty, and I heard nothing but sounds which brought no distinct idea to my mind. It is possible on the other hand that my ignorance may have added something to the illusion of my sensations, and that my imagination lent to the recital of Mannah more brilliant colours than the reality. At all events, I had already attained the principal object of my research; and ever since my arrival in Scotland, I had no longer any doubt that this country had preserved traditional songs of the heroic kind. The acquisition of this idea was as important to me as it was novel, for I had brought from France a most profound conviction that the *Ossian* of Macpherson was nothing else but the happiest and most magnificent of all literary frauds; and my wretched vanity itself was much interested in this error, which I had set off in a pretty specious way in a pamphlet now forgot. Now I was about to leave

Caledonia not less convinced that Macpherson really collected traditional poems very widely spread, and if he has sometimes enriched them in his translation with lively and brilliant colours of his own, he has at least very little changed their character. In fact, it is of very little consequence whether the Ossian of Macpherson, or rather the numerous Gaelic poems which the rhapsodists of the mountains attribute to that celebrated bard, by a synthesis or aggregation of persons common to all primitive literature, as is the case with Lockman, Esop, and Homer; it is of very little consequence, I say, whether this poet has come down to us in all his originality, or whether the genius of a modern poet has appropriated his compositions to himself, by adorning them with new beauties. What is very interesting and very agreeable in my opinion, is to ascertain the positive existence of that awful and severe mythology, of those heroic

and warlike histories of ancient times, of those certainly measured songs which appear very figurative and very pompous, and which have been preserved in the memory of men for fifteen centuries. This nominal memory is even so lively and so precise, that one could not conceive what can stimulate it from generation to generation, if traditional songs did not exist. It is surprising, no doubt, that these songs have traversed such a length of years; but it would perhaps be more surprising that they should have been lost in a nation enraptured with its recollections, which it connects with all objects, all events, all natural scenes, and in a tongue which has the privilege, so rare among all known languages, of having subsisted from time immemorial without any modifications. One can hardly go a mile in the mountains of Scotland, without finding one of Ossian's halls, one of Fingal's caves, a trace of their passage, or the place of

their graves. In short, the very indistinctness which surrounds the cradle of this extraordinary literature, gives an additional charm to its effects. I do not know if every one would experience the same, but as for me, I never felt more perfectly the religious power of poetical names than under the firs of Balva, or at the aspect of the indistinct point, which my guide showed with his finger from the top of the mountains of Argyle, when he said,—There is Morven!

I must escape from the danger of attempting a detailed description of Loch Kathrine. It has called forth pencils too skilful, muses too highly favoured, to permit me to expose myself to a comparison which might frighten even a poet. I shall merely observe, that the invincible sentiment of melancholy with which it penetrates the heart, is the result probably of the contrast between the gloomy colour of its waters with their so regular and pen-

sive swell, and the grace and smiling beauty of its shores. One might think it was an Acheron watering an Elysium. The ground is eternally covered with a sombre turf, very glossy, the general tone of which has something silky; but what forms the finest ornament of this rich down, is a multitude of plants or dwarf shrubs of the brightest green, which look like embroidery on beautiful compartments, and whose aspect produces the sensation of a magnificent carpet of raised velvet, wrought in gold, and struck by a ray of the sun.

These charming borders change their aspect entirely towards the extremity of the lake which approaches the defile of the Trosachs on the side of Stirling. It is the region of rocks and precipices announced by the Gaelic name of Loch-Kathrine. Here the dark waves die away at the foot of dark rocks, some of which are 200 feet perpendicular. Some have so solemn and so frightful a character, that

the mountaineer, astonished at his fears, cannot look on them without horror, and excuses his timidity by relating in an affecting tone the tragical histories which, according to custom, these formidable masses recal to mind. Mannah made me understand that one of them was the dwelling of the Genius of the storms of the lake, and that for this reason it was called in English *the rock and den of the ghost.* She related, that not far from it there was in the time of her grandfather a savage and implacable band of ruffians, who massacred travellers without mercy, and spreading over the vallies every now and then, carried off the flocks, set fire to the houses, and desolated all the country. The caves which served for their asylum are still called *the den of the ferocious men.* Animosities fomented on purpose, or kept up by some national superstitions, always cause these atrocities, which besides, are almost unknown among the Scotch, to

their maritime and continental neighbours. The *Southrons* or *Sassenachs*, are almost in as bad repute at this day in Lennox as in the time of Wallace. A privilege of recollection is always a protection there to the French, and Mannah made me understand this feeling in a manner equally ingenious and affecting: *gallique, (gaëlick,)* she said, resting her hand on my shoulder; *gallique*, she repeated, placing it on her heart. This idea of a primitive parentage, explained by a name, touched me even to tears.

Adieu, said I, with a sigh, beautiful lake of the dark rocks! adieu, Mannah, whom I might as well have called Morna, did I not wish to be faithful to truth! Let us quit the striking hills of Perthshire, where my friends are wandering perhaps only a few miles off. Let us cast a farewell look towards the deep valley of Glentivar, a last look on those poetical regions which will recal to the latest poste-

rity the enchanting recollection of Helen Douglas; and turn the prow of thy light boat to the side of the mountain and lakes of Lennox. Mannah, I beg your pardon, but I am impatient to go after other names and other sentiments on shores whose echoes have never repeated the measured sound of your oars.

The day was getting late. I walked a long while before I found myself again in *Cona's silent vale.* The sky was calm and pure, the shades of Oscar and Malvina were absent, and I could hardly distinguish the *roaring stream,* the dull roaring of the waters of the lake.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE GYPSIES.

The nights in the mountains of Scotland have a peculiar character of solemnity which I thought I had guessed, but which cannot be entirely appreciated till one has enjoyed by oneself their solitude and silence. Since the time that the sun had sunk to the horizon of the vallies, almost all the sounds which announce life had ceased. The last bird which I had seen was a heron, which descended on an island of the lake; after that, I had caught no other sound but the whispering of a fresh breeze, which glided through the long grass of the bank. Only towards mid-

night I heard the branches of a fir creak under the weight of a powerful animal, whose vigorous wings beat through the foliage and the air. It was a great owl, traversing the air, and holding in his beak either a snake or an eel, which rolled its folds round the robust claws of its antagonist, and struck them with its tail as with a flail. The desert was visible, and this immensity of earth and water, on which reposed the polar light, but which, at the same time, was totally destitute of motion and life, appeared to me more austere than the darkness itself. I penetrated on purpose into the thickest part of the forest, along a path but little trod, which announced, however, the passage of man, and I felt myself seized on a sudden with a mixture of fear and curiosity. Who could have formed this mysterious way, so far from every habitation and from every resort of the ordinary industry of man? Absorbed in this anxiety, I could not hear without emotion

the echo of my steps, and I tried to repeat them exactly in order, to be certain that it was really their noise which I heard. From time to time there was a motion in the lake like a splash of water, and I tried to conjecture whether it proceeded from the leaping of some large fish, or the beat of a fisherman's oar who had been casting his nets. After having walked for two hours, with the idea that it was difficult and improbable that any other man should be breathing the air of the same mountain, I perceived, at the turn of a hollow way, a distant light, and advanced towards it with some degree of eagerness, as the cold had become very piercing. On my approach towards the Scythian hearth, on which were crackling some holly leaves, with a black smoke, I saw three men lying down, who hardly raised their heads to reconnoitre me, and some women squatted near them holding children in their arms. One of them, after having looked at me

with surprise, drew out of a bag of rags, made with pieces of every colour, a little flask, in which there remained some drops of whisky, which she made me drink, while she declaimed with vehemence some phrases, of which I understood no more than of the songs of Mannah. At last, after having rested myself a little, and distributed among the women and children all the change I had about me, together with two or three hundred pins that I had brought with me for my insects, and which had excited a lively desire among my wild hostesses, I set off again at sunrise, without having obtained the smallest sign of attention from the chiefs of the tribe, and very agreeably surprised at this indifference. After I had walked about ten minutes, reflecting on this episode of my journey, and on the consequences it might have had, I turned round towards the brow of the hill I had just quitted, which began to be tinged by the orange-colour-

ed vapours of the east. Precisely at the point of the rock was a man motionless, leaning on a long forked stick. A little below me some more of these adventurers were fastening a boat to the shore. I was near Arroquhar, the ancient residence of the Macfarlanes, and I had just escaped from a bivouac of gypsey smugglers.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LOCH LONG.

Loch Long, and several other lakes of this part of Scotland, are merely long gulfs, extremely narrow, and filled by the sea, and which contain no other plants, shells, and animals, but what are proper to that element. I walked for a long time on its borders, examining through the limpid and transparent wave, as clear as the purest crystal, the innumerable *fuci* which cover the fresh arena of its bed; a vegetation rich and varied in form and colour, which seems to be to the nymphs of the waters a substitute for the soft shades of the earth. The most common and most

singular of its inhabitants are little blue fishes, which play and follow each other among the floating foliage of the marine plants, and reflect from their dorsal scales, when struck by the sun, the shades of an incomparable azure; for it would be doing them an injustice to compare their brilliant sparks to the pale light of sapphires. I thought, as I admired their superb dress, of a lake in the *Arabian Tales*, where similar fish were caught, but I had never seen them any where else. I confess I am much distressed to know with what colour the able illuminators of Bloch would have expressed these. I afterwards lost myself among the green hills, called the Bowling-Green of Argyle, seeking with little success insects on the earth, and poetical inspirations in the clouds, but delirious with joy to find again in my heart all the charm, and all the power of its first illusions, and to be able to enjoy them on the borders of the lakes of Fingal, and at

the gates of his palaces; for here certainly it was that Fingal reigned, here flourished the heroic soldiery of the demigods of Ossian. These ideas absorbed me to such a degree that I felt a secret pleasure in wandering from the dwellings of man, and turning from the roads he had traced, in order to avoid trivial distractions, and to withdraw myself from the habits of the prosaic life of the vulgar. I could imagine at least among these austere rocks, on the border of these precipices whose aspect freezes the blood, in these dismal solitudes where nothing attracts the traveller; I could imagine, I say, that no voice had resounded but my own since the songs of Selma have ceased. It was only at the junction of Loch Long and Loch Goyle, that I resumed the road which was to bring me to the borders of the latter, and to those of Loch Fyne, the breadth of which was all that separated me from Inverary; but what was Inverary and its gothic castle, its fishermen

and boatmen to me? Not only this: not only did I fear to descend from my sensations, but I should have feared to exchange them for other sensations of equal interest and equal grandeur; I strove to keep them up; I saw more danger than pleasure in multiplying them. I might have imprinted my steps on the strand of all the lakes in Scotland, and on the summit of all its mountains, without the least addition to the immensity of my recollections; and I should have exposed myself perhaps after all to overload my memory or pall my heart. I was like a man who assists at a seductive play, and who goes off before the curtain drops, for fear of losing the illusion of the representation.

I selected among the mountaineers who offered their services, the one whose picturesque costume and marked physiognomy, seemed the best calculated to keep up the impressions of the preceding days, and I passed in his boat from Loch Goyle to

Loch Long, contemplating the miraculous effects of the light in the sublime decoration of the surrounding mountains, whose blue masses now like a clear sky, now inundated with transparent reflexions of pearly whiteness, or glittering like polished gold, embrace the whole horizon with the most magnificent drapery with which the Creator has enriched the scenery of nature. Having got from Portincaple in front of the pretty house of Roseneath, I provided myself with a less frail bark, and ascended, for eight hours, the ravishing stream of the beautiful Clyde, the Scamander and Permessus of the Gaëlic mythology. Others may notice on its banks the little port of Gourock in front of Helensburg, and further on, the charming town of Greenock, one of the ornaments of Renfrewshire. For me I saw nothing but *Balclutha* and its rock, and I arrived at Robroyston, more overpowered by the

weight of so many emotions than by watching and fatigue.

Robroyston owes its name and present celebrity to that chief of the Macgregors to whom the people gave the surname of Robert the Red, (Rob Roy) on account of the colour of his hair, and whom the Scotch, in order to give an idea of the length of his monstrous arms, call *the man who tied his garters without stooping.* Robroyston is the Lumloch of the ancient historians. It was in this celebrated village that Wallace was arrested; and the enormous beams which that hero tore away from the doors and walls, in order to defend himself against the treacherous soldiers who surprised him in his sleep, are still shewn. No man of the present generation can lift them. Wallace, after all, was only a hero of liberty, and, in a nation which is growing corrupt from day to day, his reputation has already sunk before that of a smuggler.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AYR.

My pilgrimage to Lumloch removed me only a few miles from Glasgow, where I was joined the next day by my friends, whom I found transported with the recollections of a journey still more hurried, but much more extensive and more varied than mine. While I was wandering towards the western coast, that too exclusive object of my curiosity, they had embarked on the Frith of Forth, traversed Inverkeithing, visited the historical shores of Loch Leven, and its island, whose solitary castle witnessed the unjust captivity of

Mary Stuart. They stopped at Perth, so celebrated in the history of Scotland, shuddered at Scoon before the castle of Macbeth, and recognized, further on, the moving wood of Birnam, and gave a passing salute to the tomb of Ossian, or rather to the monument of a forgotten religion which poetry has decorated with that name. From Dunkeld and Blair-Athol, they went to admire the falls of Bruar, whose picturesque name itself calls to mind the roaring of cascades. They saw the chain of the Grampians unfold beneath their eyes, left behind them the walls of Killin, and the castle of Taymouth, took views as they wandered along the rich and varied borders of Loch Tay and Loch Earn; sought in the vale of Balquhidder for the birth-place of Macgregor, and in the rude defiles of the Trosachs, the route of the knight of Snowdon; nor did they fall into the trace of my modest itinerary till they reached

the borders of Loch Kathrine where I had ended *.

We had hardly met again when we set off afresh to traverse the county of Ayr, which we passed over very rapidly, though this province is far from being the least curious and the least picturesque in Scotland. We were destined to experience some of those rude changes of weather so frequent in this climate, which the fine days we had so lately enjoyed did not at all lead us to suspect. Confiding in our good fortune, which, with the exception of some pretty sharp cold, had saved us all the disasters of a long journey, we had decided, contrary to the signs of the heavens, and the advice of our last landlords, to go over other mountains. We had even

* The excellent memoirs which Mr. Taylor had the kindness to send to me on this excursion, being much too extensive to be inserted in this place, and possessing, moreover, a peculiar charm, extremely interesting, I have solicited, and obtained his kind permission to make a separate publication of them.

got, without any inconvenience, to the little town of Kilmarnock, where the market-day had drawn together an incredible number of pretty women from all the neighbourhood, remarkable for the contrast, though every day less new to us, of the finery of their elegant costume and their naked feet, which boldly brave the rough sand of the roads. Ayrshire, besides, is the part of Scotland where the people appeared to us the most faithful to the national dress, and the most tasteful in the manner of wearing it. The men, women and children, rival each other in the drapery of their broad plaids, without any well fixed rule, it would seem, but in a way to charm the eye of an artist, and excite the emulation even of a Parisian belle. This observation struck me particularly at Sanquhar. I am convinced the most able of our landscape painters could never dress his peasants with more grace, though he should give himself up entirely to his imagination. I

have seen groups, which, taken as they were, would not disgrace a picture of Poussin. The women, especially, take great advantage of this mode of seduction, which they might well do without, for they are charming.

From day-break, the sky had been dull and stormy. Nature seemed restless. That pretty little bird with a yellow head, like the flowers of the ranunculus and the broom, among which it loves to dip, and which is entitled in the country the *hop-clover*, was jumping with fright from branch to branch; great sea-birds bewildered, followed each other with screams over the forests. All the shades of the forefathers drew their long-trained garments as they ran from mountain to mountain, and crowded together confusedly at a point of the sky; an immense close band, above which one could scarcely distinguish the supercilious front of some aged seers with their bald beards, and the eagle-winged

helmets of a few warriors. This magnificent areopagus of bards and heroes was not long in dissolving upon us in a cold penetrating rain, mixed with hail, and accompanied by all the rumours of the storm repeated by all the echos. Though we had taken no precaution against this event, yet it had very little influence on the impressions we came in search of, and we traversed the parish of Mauchlin with enthusiastic exclamations on the picturesque and wild spots displayed every moment by the varieties in the course of a romantic river. Above its steep and menacing sides, whose summits are decorated with the most delicious landscapes, the eye discovers here and there flourishing habitations, or majestic ruins.

Not far from this rise the towers of Queensberry-house, the Holy-Rood of solitudes; and the ruins of a castle of Tiberius, less known to the inhabitants of this part as a precious remnant of an ancient

Roman habitation, than as having served as an asylum for Wallace: but one must have gone over Scotland to form an idea of all the sentiments attached to the name of Wallace in the memory of the people. He is to this nation one of those heroical personages, whose proportions are all presented to the mind on a gigantic scale, like that of the demigods of Homer. Every body can tell you that a king of Scotland, travelling over his kingdom an hundred and twenty-five years after the death of Wallace, and inquiring eagerly for any memorials of that hero from aged persons who might have received them from immediate tradition, was informed that death had spared till then a lady who had herself known him, and knew many particulars of him. The king set off immediately for the antique castle of the venerable lady, and requested an interview with her. She came forth before the monarch, leaning on a white staff, and pre-

ceded by a hundred and twenty ladies in two ranks, all in mourning. They were her daughters, grand-daughters, and daughters-in-law, down to the last generation which had sprung from her marriage, and who, after their widowhood, had returned to the parental roof. Several were a hundred years old. The king, introduced by this parade of centuries into one of the old halls of the castle, would not sit down till the parent of these respectable matrons was seated in front of him; he then sat down in the worm-eaten chair that had been often occupied by Robert Bruce. The lady, after having expatiated in clear and easy language on the noble qualities of that prince, and especially on his elevated stature, higher by the head than all his subjects, like the Turnus of Virgil, added, that the arm of Sir Robert was so potent that he might have confidently defied the ten most valorous champions in Scotland; but the king having asked how far Sir

William Wallace was comparable to his friend, she answered that he was a whole head taller, and that ten champions like Robert Bruce would have fallen before Wallace. It is remarkable that this recital, which to my mind is full as solemn as if it related to Hercules, is at least founded in probability on the prodigious examples of longevity at all times in Scotland. In the collections consecrated to this species of phenomena, two men are cited who might have known each other, and who embraced between them, as ocular witnesses, the history of the events of 300 years. Thus, in this marvellous country, there appear in their turns, and at every moment, all the species of renown which imagination or truth have bequeathed to the respect of futurity. Not content with having given a new, extraordinary, sublime mythology to the genius of the lyrical epopæia, in the immortal songs of the Caledonian poet, and chivalric names to

the magical muse of Ariosto, Scotland does not make all its glory rest on traditions, which the severity of criticism too often assimilates with fables. The very personages of her positive history, in its least hyperbolical pages, have something religious and grand, like the majestic figure of Fingal; something grave and mysterious, like the obscure ages of Fergus and Duncan; some supernatural impressure of fairy enchantment, like the high deeds of Argail. Such is Wallace; such are some other Scottish chiefs, whose memory is solemnly kept up, and their vestiges revered with a sort of worship. Though the exploits of these fierce defenders of the independence and of the institutions of Scotland, have frequently made the glory of England turn pale, still England has the politic generosity to respect in their memory courage and virtue. No one in all Great Britain would ever think of comparing the famous Highland chiefs with

ruffians or highway robbers. Happy privilege of those conquests which maintain themselves by their own strength, and which, in order to consolidate the power of a family, have no need to make stipulations at the expense of honour and truth!

CHAPTER XXX.

GRETNA GREEN.

A TRAVELLER must not leave this village, situated at the extreme frontier of Scotland, on the line which separates it from Cumberland, and a few leagues from Dumfries, (poor Jenny Deans, may the earth lie light upon thee!) he must not go off, I say, without giving a look at that little white house, so simple in its structure, so insignificant from its situation, and its purely local recollections, but which draws, notwithstanding, such a numerous concourse of elegant visits, and seems to be the vestibule of those magical gardens of the poet where all the amorous couples in

the world flocked from every side. This comparison is not so far-fetched as many others, to which I am sometimes borne along, I know not by what connexion of ideas, which exists perhaps only in my imagination. In fact, Gretna Green enjoys the strange privilege of serving as an asylum to clandestine amours, and of consecrating all those marriages which, in England, would be contrary to the decorums of society, to family arrangements, and to paternal authority. If two persons, free from other ties, are agreed, nothing can hinder them from forming that of marriage, as soon as they have touched this promised land of lovers. Two *yes's*, freely pronounced, are sufficient to reduce to nothing all legal opposition, all remonstrances, and alas! all duties. The formalities of this contract are easy, simple, and very expeditious. It is a blacksmith, or a tobacconist of the village, who performs the ceremony, on the first demand of the parties,

and who, without inquiry, without rites, without solemnities of any kind, fixes, without witnesses, without a clerk, without authority, by a writing which has no fixed formula, without a legal seal, and without orthography, the indissoluble union of two adventurers, whose *bargain* is then as sacred in the eye of the law as if it had prescribed the forms, dictated the expressions, and sanctioned the contents. This strange, not to say extravagant custom, is undoubtedly very reprehensible in the eyes of morality; but, like many of our vicious customs, it is a homage to morality itself. A Gretna Green marriage presupposes a profound respect for its institutions, which is not to be found among nations where the power of the religious and social institution is worn away; a point of view in which, as in many others, very civilized nations have a singular resemblance to barbarians. An unhappy young woman who goes off to Gretna Green, braves the most

sacred of all human powers, that of her father; but, by a fiction, which has its effect, she complies with the most important of all social conventions; a fugitive from her family without being so altogether from society. If she withdraws herself from a severe yoke which suffers no disobedience, she passes, at least, under the light yoke of a complaisant institution, which gives an appearance of legality to disobedience itself; and I really think that the father of a young lady who had taken this step, would do much better not to try to overtake her; still happy if the criminal dereliction of the child who has deceived his affection is not attended with more fatal consequences to her honour and happiness!

I left Gretna-Green with a charming young woman, beautiful as love, sorrowful as melancholy, who had just passed a fortnight in the village, and had passed it all alone. I was told that she had been waiting for somebody, who never came.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM CUMBERLAND TO LONDON.

To vast plains of peat, whose dismal monotony is only varied for a moment by the Solway Firth, succeed, at last, more smiling fields, as one approaches the old walls of Carlisle. This historical town is remarkable, however, for nothing but the antiquity of its castle, and of its cathedral, an edifice analogous in its style to that of Glasgow, but which appears, from the form of some of its windows, to belong to a more remote epoch, and which, from the red tone of its brick-coloured stones, has a very different physiognomy. I shall say nothing of the feudal ruins with which the

neighbouring hills are covered, and which, everywhere, recal to mind the long and bloody wars between England and Scotland, nor of the Cumberland lakes, so renowned for the richness of their aspects, and the variety of poetic scenes on their shores, nor of the famous remains of the Great Roman Wall; nor of the verdant pastures of Westmoreland, nor of the magnificent parks and incomparable horses of Yorkshire, nor of the delightful views of Lincolnshire or Nottinghamshire, nor of the dazzling luxury of Middlesex. I hardly took more time on my return, to pass through these different counties than would be necessary to mark with a little exactness their position on the map, not above forty hours at most. Thus I passed in a few days, and almost without any transition but that of sleep, from one of the extreme points of civilization to the most opposite point; from a desert to London; and from the domains of imagination and li-

berty, to those of industry and money. In vain might I expect to hear, on waking in the morning, the noise of the shepherd's horn, calling in different directions on the echo of his rocks, or the national air which the old mountaineer tunes on his bagpipe, as in the days of his youth, which it recals to his mind, with its energy and its hopes. The lakes no longer wave around me. The summit of the mountains is effaced, and the scattered fog will veil it no more. The clouds have lost their poetry, and the women themselves are hardly any thing but women. Antiquity placed the nymphs only on the borders of lakes, dryads only in the bosom of woods, and muses only on the summit of hills.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CANTERBURY.

It commonly happens that our sensations, when multiplied, diminish in interest and vivacity. I began to experience that lassitude which results from a long exertion of the faculties of the heart and of the mind, and I was not sorry to leave behind me Cambridge, Salisbury, and Windsor, as a motive for another visit to England. I was not even much disposed to stop at Canterbury, which I only know by English engravings, always flattering, though this in reality proceeds only from an admirable perfection in their execution.

I saw Canterbury; and Canterbury is worthy of a journey to England.

Nothing so magnificent, nothing so divine as this cathedral. Divine is the proper word. God is there. It seems to me that the different styles of architecture bear the stamp of religious sects. I am not intolerant; I love to think that the spirit of God is everywhere; but the poverty of imagination in the reformed religions is pitiable, when compared with those wonders which, at least, it has had the good sense to preserve. They deserve credit for this homage to the piety of ancient times. There is here a long tradition of respect for the religion which they have abandoned. They show the altar where Saint Thomas of Canterbury was assassinated. It is the same altar, the same marbles, the same pavement. A worn stone preserves the trace of the knees of pilgrims.

It is not with words, nor hardly with figures and colours, that one could give an idea of the sublime effect of this church of three ages, in which is displayed all the genius of the three styles of the intermediate architecture, the Saxon, the middle with its broken arch, and the ogee or pointed arch, down to the revival of the fine arts. The spirit of preservation which prevails in England is carried to such a point of religious scruple, that the smallest sacrifice of detail has not been permitted, even for the effect of general harmony. All ancient work that could be preserved has been respectfully saved in the work of the moderns. These people did not demolish temples to get lead. They made columns for capitals, and buildings for a door. It is strange to say, but it is true, that the secret of their political society, holds by the same principle, and will be maintained by the wonderful art with which they have identified ancient institu-

tions with new ones. Nations build nothing new.

I shall not describe Canterbury. I have not the pretension to conduct the reader, already fatigued with following me, across that vast nave, those chapels full of elegance, those subterraneous vaults, those tombs, the overwhelming sentiment of which escapes from the feeble approximations of speech. I shall only stop at the monument of the Black Prince, whose image, still interesting even for those who love to fancy the ideal grandeur of a hero, is placed in the attitude of prayer, by the side of a heavy sword, which you may grasp and raise, if nature has given you sufficient strength. An incredible effect is the result of this attempt, which I find it very difficult to express. You cannot conceive how the whole power of your life is so feeble by the side of death, and by what prodigy the dust of this tomb could play with a weapon which you can hardly

move. Nevertheless, the sword of the Black Prince is here the only thing that has preserved its form without alteration. The war-horse at the funeral of a warrior, is an affecting sight; but this sword of battle, moveable by the side of a man in bronze, immortal near a corpse, and which will remain by him for ages as if he had just put it down—this I think sublime. Have I guessed, my dear Augustus, what would have struck you most in Canterbury cathedral?

Above the tomb of the Black Prince is suspended the armour which he wore at his last battle, and another sword, rusted by time. It is without a scabbard. It is there as in the hand of that valiant knight, an emblem of courage which was never at rest.

All the environs of the church preserve some parts of the ancient abbey, and its numerous buildings. They are grand archivolts, groups of lofty pillars, friezes,

ornaments that remain fixed in walls more or less modern. Among these fine remains is an admirable tower in the Saxon style, round which run two enormous *toruses* of the richest work, and not far off a little staircase, the effect of which is enchanting. The environs of the church are covered with superb plots of verdure, and shaded with magnificent lime-trees, whose venerable heads complete the harmony of this grand picture. The imagination loves to place the secrets of the sanctuary in the shelter of forests, and it was on this account that they were held sacred amongst the ancients. A church never strikes the mind with a more profound sentiment of devotion than when it is surrounded with trees; and if gothic architecture has a character more eminently religious than classical architecture, as nobody can doubt, it is perhaps because the elevation of its spires, the acute angle of its arches, which represents the point of union of two bran-

ches crossing each other, the volume and form of its columns, pressed together like neighbouring stems, which, in the perspective, are confounded together, the gloomy coolness of its vaults, and the soft murmur of its echos, recal to mind the grandeur and solitude of woods. However this may be, the finest taste has presided almost every where over this kind of embellishment. It is observed in general, that the inspired decorator of the environs of temples has contrasted the plantations with the buildings in the most ingenious manner. The light pyramids of the gothic architecture, and its angular profiles, are almost always opposed to concentrated masses of trees, with great branches, crowned with a sort of dome of foliage, such as the horse-chesnut, and the lime-tree; the pointed minarets of Asia appear to be borne on the horizontal arms of cedars, or to spring from the radiating front of palms. The cupolas of Greek archi-

tecture, and the circular temple which they cover, are, on the contrary, rounded off among groves of pines and poplars, which lose their heads in the clouds. The men of those days of simplicity, who created these harmonies, were not probably aware of such effects; but they are very natural, very consonant; and I would advise artists not to depart from them.

I shall mention a colossal fragment of the ruins of St. Augustin's monastery—a monument of a fine age, and of a good style, the last vestiges of which appear ready to perish—merely to regret that no more care is taken of its preservation than if it were in France.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FRANCE.

I cast a last look on Shakespeare's cliff, so admirably described in *King Lear*, of which one of the excellent commentators on the English Eschylus says, that he never transported himself in imagination to the brink of the precipice without feeling, as he measured its frightful depth, a degree of giddiness. The coasts of Albion begin to be confounded with the clouds, and I lose sight of that land, on the two extremities of which genius has stamped two impressions equally interesting: the admirable poetry of Ossian on the black

rocks of Morven, the admirable poetry of Shakespeare on the white cliffs of Dover.

France! France! my native land! a sight more beautiful, more lovely to the heart of the traveller than all the wonders of a foreign country! Here the first sound that strikes my ear will bring an intelligible idea, and a familiar word to my mind. Here the first look that will witness my arrival, will be that of a countryman, perhaps of a friend. Two days at most separate me from you whom I love! The abysses of the sea no longer separate me from you, and the marvellous secret of navigation might be lost, without my losing any part of my happiness. Thanks to the waves which have brought me back to the shores of France; they have no other kindness to do me; and no vessel from a distance will come loaded with the hopes of my fortune, or the treasure of my affections,—it is here.

Now this dream of fifty days is termi-

nated, and, like the buildings of a town one has quitted the preceding evening, and which one looks at from the tops of a hill at a considerable distance, I see confused together all the objects which occupied my view during that period. The most lively sensations of those days, so full of [illegible] ideas, fade from my memory. Who can fix the passing impressions of life? And, moreover, what interest would there be in those of a man who travels merely for the sake of travelling, sometimes even in order to forget that he is alive, and who fills, without any design, the pages of a useless memorial with reflections without any object? Nevertheless, the effect of this journal abruptly sketched, in passing from a post chaise to a boat, would not be entirely lost, if it should inspire a man better organized, and more capable of turning his indolence to the advantage of others, with a taste for travelling to make observations in countries very near, and

so little known to us. The only object of my ambition would be complete, if he acknowledged himself obliged to me for having pointed out, in the great British Isle, some subjects worthy of curiosity, of surprise, of admiration—Oxford, Canterbury, Durham, York, Alnwick, Edinburgh—Dunbarton Castle, Loch Kathrine, Ben Lomond—and Miss Kelly.

THE END.

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